The Australian
OVER 550,000 COPIES SOLD EVERY WEEK

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

September 2, 1944

PRICE 3d



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725746

Civvy Street

Army girl imagines some trials and joys in store

By E. L. THORNE, A.W.A.S.

When I joined the A.W.A.S. I knew I would have to adjust myself to a newer, harder life. Now I wonder how I'll ever adjust myself to the old one.

When the Army finally learns to function without me my life will be complicated by terrible indiscretions.

TAKE the question of transport. Once when I wanted to travel anywhere I waited in a ladylike manner for a bus. If a motorist offered a lift, I scrutinised him and his car and speculated on whether his motives were altruistic.

But here, up North, all that is changed. I have become an expert hitch-hiker.

Any day on leave I may be seen speeding along in the rear of a bumpy truck. I've had lifts in petrol waggons, mail, ration, and garbage tenders, jeeps, ambulances, and transports.

My ears are so attuned to the sound of approaching motors that I know without looking whether a driver intends stopping.

And I've found that to be passed by on a lonely road by an empty staff car is one way of raising all the murderous instincts in the human breast. Webster would envy the range of epithets I can produce.

But it is the post-war prospect that haunts me. Hitch-hiking is so customary that even on a simple shopping jaunt I will be edging my mother off the footpath and will have her in a strange car before she realises it.

Problems are likely to arise about table etiquette, too.

I always did maintain too much stress was laid on knick-knacks for the table, especially when it was my turn to wash up.

When setting the table on these nights I often used to argue with my mother about the need for bread-and-butter plates.



"I'll have my mother in a strange car before she realises it."

Pleas for leaving the jam in the tin "just this once" used to bring forth such comment as "I'm sure I don't know who you take after. It's not my side of the family."

Now, the Army's ideas of eating are sensible. For its very satisfying meal all the equipment you need is one knife, fork, spoon, and mug, and two dixie lids

We march to mess to the accompaniment of jingling lids. Someone beats "Left, left!" with the cutlery, and it's not unusual to have hot water tipped down one's back during the rinsing process.

The food is served with admirable speed. And do these cooks increase labor by daintily arranging the viands?

No, SIR. They have the right drill. They hold the spoon over the dixie, give it a shake, and if we can't see our meat, we know it's under the vegetable . . . somewhere.

I foresee two possible eventualities in the post-war home.

Either ex-servicewomen will cause a dramatic change in table conventions, and the humble jam tin may be displayed on the best dinner tables.

Or, our present bright, resourceful Army women will develop into cringing, timid creatures, afraid to face up to such implements as salad servers and sugar tongs.

We could start planning labor saving on Army lines right away. Your husband probably doesn't appreciate all the work there is in "doing" a bedroom—wardrobes, chest of drawers, and so on.

I've been in the Army 18 months now, and I always know where my things are. There are only two places they can be; in the kitbag or under the palliasse.

Unexpected raids by suspicious sergeants tend to restrict the stowage under the palliasse, but the idea has great possibilities for civilians.

The possibilities of re-employment are endless.

Here's a forecast:

In the manager's office, his outer office staff, after years of faithful service, have resigned. He protests:

"But girls" (or maybe "ladies" if the war lasts much longer), "Why?"

"It's that Carrie Carbon, Sir. Being a sergeant in the A.W.A.S. has gone to her head."

"Every morning she calls the roll, marches us to the door, and orders 'TAKE POSTS!'

"And when I wouldn't come at the double, she threatened to 'stop my next leave.'"

"And she gave extra duties for not keeping my hair rolled!"

"IF SHE THINKS——"

Manager (wearily): "Enough, girls. I get your point. I'll see what can be done."

Pity the boss!

TO plan employment for ex-Service personnel and ignore the effect of Army life on their civilian occupations would be disastrous.

While we're "in" we are not normal working cogs. Some, bitten by the stripe bug, are mad with the zeal. Others work just as zealously to avoid stripes.

We are certain to carry a hangover to our new jobs.

It will be hard to deal tactfully with Carrie Carbon's hangover because she ignores the human element and believes that her methods bring maximum efficiency.

On the other hand, there's Topsy Tapper, who was a good clerk, until she became an ack-ack gunner. After long association with guns and ammo, Topsy still believes in fighting for independence.

After ringing vainly, the secretary demands the reason for Topsy's frequent absences.

"She's having a smoko," explains the head girl.

"What! AGAIN? How many's that to-day?"

"Only seven so far, Sir."

"Did you tell her I wanted some stationery checked?"

"Yes, sir. She said it was done last week, and she wasn't going to work just to fill in time."

"Oh, really" (sarcastically), "and did she say what she would do?"

"Yes. She said she would spinebash in the store-room."

"Send her to me. And heaven help her if she's wearing those slacks again."

These situations may cause friction, but they can be remedied.

But imagine the irreparable damage that could be done, say, if the O.C.'s wife employed his former mess orderly.

This good woman, for instance, is commanding officer in her home.

One morning she has a tiff with her lord and confides to the maid: "Mr. Blimp is easily depressed since the war."

"What he needs, Madam, is more parties . . ."

"Parties? But it's no one's birthday."

"Oh, he'll manufacture a reason. I remember that party in camp when the camp cat had kittens. There were dozens of dead marines!"

Innocent Wife: "This is terrible. He was always threatening to kill those marines."

Maid: "They sure knocked 'em over. And he took the labels off the dead marines and pasted them on the pin-up girls. Said he preferred women clothed."

Still, I like to look forward to the post-war era. It will have its moments for most of us. Oh, civvy street! Beautiful street of retribution.

I like to think of the salesman who was a major, soliciting the custom of the chaps he sent to the boob.

Or of a certain sergeant spending his life measuring and pulling out rolls of dress materials for girls who have an urge just to see him do it.

I get quite excited when I think of this post-war life. No more saluting, no more . . . Oh, dash, I'm wanted.

"Coming, Madam. Yes, Madam." See what I mean?



"And I like to think of a certain sergeant pulling out rolls of dress material for girls who have an urge just to see him do it."



Advice to Women on Investments

Large institutions employ specialists to advise them on investing their reserves. To-day all specialists recommend war loans.

Leading Experts advise one investment only

You may never make the study of investments that big companies do. They may have a thousand pounds to invest this month, ten thousand next month. In three months they may need all their money back again.

They — like you — want their money to be safe, to pay high returns, and to be there in cash when they need it. So their experts unanimously recommend war loans.

You can't do better than to take their advice. Put your money to work earning more money, and it will help both your country and yourself.

* * *

So many people foolishly stuff banknotes into tea pots, or mattresses, or carry them around. Australians are hoarding an average of £25 apiece — in all £175,000,000.

These "slacker" pounds must be taken out and set to work. They have no more right to absenteeism than other workers. Take your notes to-day to any Bank, Savings Bank or Stock-broker and make an advance subscription to the 2nd Victory Loan — do it to-day.

2PV-23

DON'T PAY FANTASTIC PRICES FOR SECOND-HAND

Silverware



Wait for PERFECTION PLATE and BANK THE DIFFERENCE!

Shortage of silverware has meant that buyers have paid, at auction and privately, prices that are out of all proportion to intrinsic value. PERFECTION PLATE, the choice of a nation, will be back again as soon as our factory, now wholly engaged in the making of War material, resumes silverware production for civilian use.

Illustrated above is a Perfection Tea and Coffee Service which will be available AT A FRACTION OF WAR-TIME PRICES.

Perfection PLATE CO., SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725747

LADY WITHOUT ESCORT

PUBLIC LIBRARY 29 AUG 1944 OF NEW SOUTH WALES

By
KATHERINE MERSON

"CAN you cook?" Miss Haskell asked Miss Eaton.

Caroline could, but a kitchen would be no use to her, not in this project. "I'm afraid I can't. But I'm sure I could serve teas and things."

Miss Haskell said that that would be better than nothing. Caroline told her the hours she could spare for helping. Miss Haskell's faded blue eyes widened. "Why, I think it's wonderfully patriotic of you. To volunteer to help when you're so busy."

Caroline blushed guiltily. If Miss Haskell knew the real reason why she had walked into the gloomy portals of the Rest and Social Centre for Lonely Soldiers!

Miss Haskell, however, was springing into action. She put Caroline into a sprightly chintz overall and installed her behind a massive tea urn.

Caroline looked nervously into that portion of the rest and social centre which loomed before her. Two elderly quartermaster-sergeants were playing chess. A young, bespectacled corporal was writing a letter at a desk. A bald-headed member of the R.A.M.C. was glancing without enthusiasm through an ancient paper.

It didn't look exactly promising. Still, Caroline reasoned, she was far more likely to find—well, what she was looking for—in a place like this, than in the more up-and-doing Service clubs which were spattered like stars round the West End.

Caroline had once assisted at a tea-dance in one of them, and had found it full of golden glamor girls from the shows and darkly exotic sirens, all madly eager to help the lonely soldier—or sailor—or airman—to become unlonely with the greatest possible speed. Caroline was no good at that sort of thing. No. If there were such a thing as a lonely soldier left in London, then this was the place to pick him up.

Caroline shuddered at the thought. But, being a stickler for the truth—however sordid—she repeated it.

Here she was for the sole purpose of picking up an escort and, if she could possibly manage it, hanging on to him for a week. After that, as far as Caroline was concerned, he could jump in the lake.

Maureen had started it two days ago. She had phoned just as Caroline, dripping with weariness, let herself into her bachelor-girl flatlet.

"Darling," Maureen had said excitedly, "I'm going to throw a real party! We'll dress up. It's to be on the nineteenth—our tenth wedding anniversary, you know—but I'm telling you now so you won't get tied up in that slave-ship of a Ministry. It'll be fun! Charlie and I and Edna and Alan—and you, Caroline, darling!"

She had been thrilled. Maureen was a busy woman these days, but she could, when she put her mind to it, give you an evening in her lovely flat that was better than a tonic. For the best part of an hour Caroline had lain on her bed, planning what she would wear. And then, suddenly, the feeling of delighted anticipation vanished, and something that she kept firmly in the back of her mind came wriggling to the front of it, unwelcomed, but persistent.

"Charlie and I and Edna and Alan—and you, Caroline, darling . . ." It wasn't a new phrase. It had been said, on and off, with slight variations according to whether Maureen or Edna were saying it, for years and years.

Maureen had met and married Charlie Roberts before she was twenty. Edna, who was practical to the very marrow of her Scottish bones, had waded patiently through a long engagement to an impoverished medical student. But finally she had married Alan Frith. The Friths had two-year-old twins now, and the Roberts boy was eight and the little girl five.

And Caroline? Caroline had loved a man called Peter Hansard, and, after four years in which he had kicked Caroline's heart around like a football, he had married a fluffy little thing—after knowing her exactly five weeks.

Maureen had never mentioned it—not once. She had just been kinder to Caroline—if that were possible.

Edna had said plenty—and done plenty. Caroline stopped in her musings to laugh aloud. Oh, those men that Edna had produced for inspection. The results of her endeavors were, needless to say, catastrophic.

And now Caroline was going to another party without escort.

"But I'm blowed if I will!" she had said aloud, the light of battle in her eyes. "I'll take a man to that party if it's the last thing I do. I'll have—for once in my life—I'll have an escort that Edna hasn't found for me."

"Hi-ya, toots! Cup of tea and a sandwich, please."

Caroline returned to reality with a start. She had quite forgotten she was standing behind a counter in a rest centre for lonely soldiers.

"How's every little thing, beautiful?"

He leaned on the counter and placed his face in close proximity to Caroline's. He had a glib tongue and vaselined hair.

"Say," he went on, "it's pretty dreary here, ain't it?"

She resisted a desire to tell him that if he didn't like it he knew what to do. She handed tea to him with a gay smile.

"What's your handle?" he demanded.

"Caroline Eaton—what's yours?"

"Albert Sedgeley. Are you married?"

"Why—er, no."

He leaned closer. "Why aren't you?"

Caroline bridled. "If it comes to that, why aren't you?"

HE laughed, loud and long. "Say, you're smart!"

"I've just come up on leave," he said. "Nine day—yeep, yeep! Say, you doing anything to-morrow night?"

Caroline recovered from the shock with admirable aplomb. She hadn't expected anything as swift as this. "As a matter of fact," she said, casually, "I was taking my aunt to a show, but she's got a cold. I've got the seats, too, such a shame. Stalls—for lovely ladies." (She could get them to-morrow. It would cost her twenty-five shillings and she hated musicals, but a girl must be prepared to lay out money on a campaign of this order.)

"Gee, I'd like to see that."

Caroline hesitated, and then said as brightly as she could: "Well—if you could use the tickets I'd be——"

He grinned. "Glad to come along with me?"

"All right. I'll be outside the Privolity at six."

They sat rather stiffly, in a taxi. Albert had his best battledress on, and was smoking a strange-smelling cigar that was only bearable because it helped to neutralise the even stranger perfume coming from Albert's hair pomade.

The last week had been a decided strain for Caroline. Most of the time had been spent in convincing Albert that he was not the answer to a maiden's prayer. She had made her conditions firmly, and Albert had stayed.

And, thank heaven, after to-night she would never see him again. Albert's leave was nearly over, his equipment was already at the station, and at midnight he would depart for the north and out of Caroline's life. She felt no qualms about him. If Albert had had anything better to do on his leave he would have done it. His heart was harder boiled than any egg, and in the middle of it, enshrined in laurel leaves, was an image of himself.

Please turn to page 18



The sort of man I used to dream about—before I gave up dreaming, Caroline thought, gazing at Edna's companion.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725748

MURDER IN TOW

By...

CHRISTOPHER HALE



"That isn't going to satisfy the police, Mrs. Warner," Bill said sternly.

LOVELY BUNDY PECKHAM is under suspicion of murdering her grandfather, wealthy TOM PECKHAM. LIEUTENANT BILL FRENCH, of the Michigan State Police, staying with his aunt, MRS. HARRISON PAIGE, tries to help her, assisted by STEVE JAMES, a family friend.

Bill is startled, soon after beginning investigations, to detect poison in the cookies he is about to eat, while MRS. ABBY GILLAM, Mrs. Paige's friend, becomes ill, although it transpires that the cookies she ate contained no poison. Bill urges his aunt to dismiss MRS. WARNER, her colored cook.

Investigating further, Bill and Steve overhear a suspicious conversation between CORINNE, Peckham's spiteful young widow, and ALBERT SINCLAIR, suggesting that they purloined most of Peckham's fortune before his death.

Returning from this expedition, they call in on Bundy, who tells them a stranger telephoned, saying he has information to give, if she will meet him.

Now read on—

STEVE burst out, "Bundy, you wouldn't be such a gullible little fool, would you?"

"Of course not. I told him I was guarded day and night and I couldn't get away even if I wanted to. I tried to find out what he knew, but he wouldn't tell. He kept saying I'd be very sorry if I didn't meet him."

Bill said, "Could the call have come from Mrs. Peckham? Perhaps disguising her voice?"

She drew in her breath sharply. "Oh. Oh no. I don't think so. No. I'm sure she couldn't fool me."

Steve said, "It's probably one of the horrible apes that a case of this kind always stirs up." He sprang out and went round the car to grasp her shoulders.

Bundy's face in the soft light was so beautiful Bill looked away. He could hear her voice, softened, comforting. After a while Steve got in the car again. She was walking back to the house. Steve gasped: "Just a minute, French." He gripped his face in his hands, his elbows propped on the steering wheel. For several minutes they sat motionless.

Steve said: "That crazy kid gets me. Got to be watched. I'll take you home."

When they reached Coffee Pot Drive, Mrs. Paige heard the car and came out to invite Steve in.

Steve let himself be persuaded.

There were dainty sandwiches and little cakes on a big tray in the living-room. "Any cyanide ones?" Bill asked.

"No. I made them all with my own lily-white hands. You needn't be afraid. I've been eating them." Mrs. Paige dealt with the coffee-cups. "Now, tell me everything."

It was against Bill's nature and his police training to give away information, but Steve was ready to give an account of their evening. Myrtle shivered into the room and dashed for Steve. She yearned against his leg and accepted bites of his food, as if she were being saved from starvation.

Mrs. Gillam trailed in from her bedroom in a long blue robe and slippers. Grey hair in a careless bun. She gave Steve and Myrtle an annoyed, sarcastic smile. Bill wondered if she could be a trifle jealous of the little animal's fondness for someone else.

She said, "That coffee smelled so wonderful, Olive, I had to have a sip. I'm getting back my appetite, too. Are those your own sandwiches?"

"Yes. The Warners are not coming back. Help yourself, Abby."

"What's that about the Warners, Aunt Olive?"

"I fired Mrs. Warner. I hated to do it. I telephoned the drugstore on the corner near her house and sent her a message that all was over between us. But, my dear, the whole family got in the car and came up here. All but Mrs. Warner. She was out, I gathered. It was pitiful. I hope to goodness she doesn't come and wail about it too. I gave them some money in place of notice."

Mrs. Gillam said tartly: "What were you telling Olive when I came in, Steve? Who is this Albert Sinclair?"

Bill cut in: "Aunt Olive, any more bread and chicken in the kitchen? I could eat a dozen of these sandwiches."

"Of course. I'll make some."

"No. Sit still. Steve and I will."

It was rather crude, but the best he could do on short notice. In the kitchen he said: "Nix on dishing more of the Peckham-Sinclair stuff."

"Why not?"

"Oh, they talk. And how! You can't tell through what queer channels it may get back to Corinne. She and Sinclair may skip. Or she might try to get even with Bundy for putting us wise. I just don't think it's a good idea." Bill was tired.

"I suppose you're right." Steve relinquished the pleasure of being the centre of the conversation.

"Lots of time to talk later. In the meanwhile, it's going to be a job to get the dirt on Sinclair. Better put your police friends on it."

Steve sighed. "Not a bad idea."

THE next morning Bill's dressing was interrupted by an urgent tattoo on the door.

Mrs. Paige's face was almost as white as her long robe.

"William, remember I fired Mrs. Warner last night? Well, it's not going to take."

"What do you mean?"

"My dear, she's here. Wants to know why she was fired. She says she knows nothing about any poison in any food. Says she is not going to have her character ruined by foul aspersions."

"And you want me to talk to her?"

"Would you, darling?"

Bill moved toward the door. Mrs. Paige urged him to take his gun, but he only smiled and went away. He found Mrs. Warner in an elaborate, highly unsuitable costume, drinking coffee by the kitchen window. She looked very big and black and angry.

"What all dis 'bout me bein' fiahed, Mistuh William?"

Petunia, with popping black eyes, was preparing breakfast for the household at the electric stove. She replenished her irate mother's cup.

Bill said, "I thought you were fired, too, Petunia."

"Yassuh, but when Ah come with Mammy dis mawnin', Miss' Olive she say, 'P'tunia, you git us some breakfuss.'"

"I see. Well, you can start with coffee for me. Black. Thanks. Well, Mrs. Warner, it isn't every day that people find poison in their food. It calls for investigating."

"Ain' no use 'ves'gatin' round me, Mistuh William, suh. Awready Ah done tole all Ah knows 'bout de circumcurrence. Nothin'!"

"That isn't going to satisfy the police, Mrs. Warner."

"The p'leece!" she squealed. Petunia dropped a dish.

"Yes. They will have to be brought into it if we can't get any results privately. It was just luck that nobody was killed." He went on staring at her over the rim of his cup.

Mrs. Warner exchanged startled glances with her daughter. She looked at Bill and found no support. "Nobody wasn't hu't," she grumbled.

"But they might have been." His eyes bored into her. She squirmed.

"So you see, Mrs. Warner, we are going to have to ask you to stay away until you can prove you had nothing to do with this—uh—accident. Of course, if it takes too long, we'll have to call in the police."

Anger and alarm struggled for possession of her face. "How 'bout P'tunia?"

"She can stay temporarily." Bill petrified the maid with a high-tension scowl. "If she's sure she won't make any mistakes."

"Nossuh."

Mrs. Warner glanced at a half-pound wrist-watch and speeded her departure.

"Ah may be back," she called. "Petunia, you call de drugsto' and git Pansy ovah heah. You cain't cook good nuff fo' Mis' Olive."

Bill took a piece of toast Petunia was buttering and went out. He met his aunt in the hall.

"I'll talk to you later. She's gone. I'm in a hurry." He snatched up a jacket and ran out the front door.

He was in time to see Mrs. Warner waddling down the street. Returning to the garage, he backed out his car and followed her. He noticed that Hod had not taken his dismissal seriously. He was busily polishing the Paige sedan.

Mrs. Warner took a bus on Fourth Avenue. Bill followed her downtown. He lingered in front of the famous open-air post office. Mrs. Warner stood in line before the general-delivery window. When she reached it the clerk looked over a batch of letters and shook his head.

She put up an argument. It became very heated. At last Bill heard the police mentioned. Mrs. Warner quickly retreated, scowling savagely.

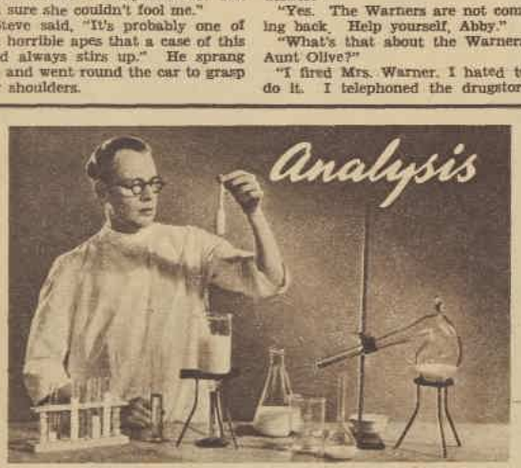
Bill drove round the block and picked her up again, so she would not spot him. Again he followed her. She trudged slowly across the railroad tracks and turned west on one of the shabbier streets inhabited by colored families. He watched until she turned into one of the yards. From the way she smacked two little darkies and roared at an agile third he knew it was her home.

He returned to Coffee Pot Drive and breakfast.

"Where did you go in such a hurry, William?" Mrs. Paige asked.

"I had to run down to the post office, Aunt Olive. Pass everything. Am I hungry!"

Please turn to page 8



ANALYSIS of ingredients in medicines should be from two points of view.

First, it should be determined that every ingredient earns its place in the formula.

Second, after determination of ingredients, nothing but chemicals and drugs of *British Pharmacopoeia* quality should be employed.

In SIL-o-MAG antacid powder both these aspects have been considered and a balanced preparation has been evolved. SIL-o-MAG antacid powder is a very valuable compound designed to alleviate the discomfort arising from flatulence, indigestion, acidity and dyspepsia.

SIL-o-MAG not only swiftly neutralises acid, but has a sustained action which is particularly valuable in the avoidance of early morning dyspeptic pains.



In the Red and Blue Carton

SIL-o-MAG

ANTACID POWDER

2/6 EVERYWHERE



Australian Representative: Theo H. Levy Pty. Ltd.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725749

NEVER FROM VALIANT MEN

By . . .
I. A. R. WYLIE



"They don't seem to have heard us," he said. "P'raps we'll have time."

"PERHAPS an omelette—"

"But there are no eggs, Mam'zelle Jacquine—"

"Or ham — as you used to do it—with a dash of Madeira—"

"There is no ham—though we all know that there are plenty of pigs left. As to Madeira, there is not so much as a drop of any wine—" A gleam of cunning lighted the wrinkled peasant face bent over the washtub. "No, indeed. There is nothing left to us. All the same, Mam'zelle, I could get a chicken for Monsieur Paul—a fat chicken—"

The girl sighed and straightened herself.

"Babette," she said, "I love you. You have been very faithful. But if Monsieur Paul has chicken for his dinner I shall never speak to you again." She added sternly, "And if he knew, the chicken would stick in his throat."

"Ah!" The old face became a little sullen. "Good chicken should not stick in anyone's throat. Monsieur Paul loves chicken."

"He loves other things better."

"Who knows? If one is to love, one must eat first. One must be reasonable—"

The girl turned away quickly. She did not want the old shrewd woman to know how tired and sick she felt. She went from the bleak kitchen into the salon, and out into the garden. It was overgrown with weeds because Jacques, who had loved it, was dead. But Paul, who loved the garden, too, was coming home. He would roll up his sleeves and clean out the weeds, and next year the garden would come back to its old glory. It would be part of a secret resurrection.

The wrought-iron gate clanged noisily. A man was striding up the path. She shrank within herself, recognising the tall uniformed figure. It was a simple uniform. But its very simplicity, she thought, was like the courtesy of his salutation—exaggerated to the point of an offence.

"This is a happy day for you, Mam'zelle. I understand your brother is coming home."

"Yes, Captain Rudrich."

"Our Leader is magnanimous. He respects a man like your brother. A great flier. You had so few of such men that we took note of him. But we bear no ill will. As a comrade I have ordered Sergeant Hildebrandt to provide a bottle of champagne for the celebration which I hope I may share with you."

He watched the blood rise under the clear pallor of her skin.

"Thank you, Captain Rudrich. But we do not accept gifts from our enemies. Nor do we celebrate with them."

"That's stiff-necked, Mam'zelle. Stiff necks are useless. They may get broken."

"A broken neck is better than a bowed one."

"A cliche!" he said, heavily good humored. "These are other times, Fraulein. A new order is coming into being. Better to ride the tide gracefully." He clicked his heels. "Think it over. A lot of your people have already done so. Your brother may be among them."

She smiled at that. It was a smile which he would have liked to wipe from her face. And as she turned away without answer he was inspired to call out after her. "It might occur to you," he said, "that neither do we release our enemies."

The iron gate groaned as she pushed it open.

She walked quickly. The little station lay on the outskirts of the town. Heavy-footed soldiers passed her and townsfolk who had been her friends. Now they looked at her askance, sullenly or not at all. She was making things harder for them, fighting a fight that had been lost.

"Mam'zelle Jacquine," the fat little mayor had said, trotting beside her, "do not make trouble. We have enough. Let us settle down. Perhaps these people are human. We shall find a way to live with them."

"Oh, Paul!" she whispered. "Paul —" In that name was all her hope.

Old Bleriot stood at the doors of his little charcuterie. The windows were dusty and empty. But the cellars, so it was said, were another pair of shoes. Bleriot and the mayor hated each other.

Bleriot had wanted to go on fighting to the last ditch—wherever it was—and the mayor, who had a nice little nest egg tucked away, hadn't wanted to fight at all anywhere. Bleriot said outright that the mayor was a coward, if not worse, and the mayor accused Bleriot of hoarding.

And indeed something dreadful and queer had happened to Bleriot, who had been a good soldier and an honest butcher. He had a sneer for everything, and a sly, fat look as though in a world of rascals he had learnt to hold his own. He even sneered at Jacquine as she walked past.

"Going to meet another of our brave lads?" he asked. "Wouldn't you like me to drive you? They have allowed me essence."

It was true. Bleriot drove the officers of the German garrison to the station for Paris, and the soldiers to the Estaminet des Quatres Rats at the crossroads. So he had all the petrol he wanted.

.

Paul was in uniform, but like everything else the uniform had a shabby furtive look. The proud insignia of wings had been torn off, and the pride in his face had become a sort of defiant arrogance. He laughed amusedly as she clung to him.

"But why do you cry? I am safe home. Not even a scratch. So what is there to cry about?"

Jacquine had set the table with candles and some old glass whose beauty the invaders had not understood. The soft light illuminated Paul's face with a gentle mercilessness, revealing the lines that captivity had drawn about his mouth and eyes—self-mocking, scornful lines that denied grief and shame.

He and Babette understood each other. He gave a rough, high-pitched laugh when she told him how she had cajoled the chicken out of Bleriot, who had taken it in exchange for a free ride to the estaminet from Sergeant Hildebrandt who had, of course, quite simply "requisitioned."

"Babette is a realist," Paul had said. "She and the New Order will get on together." And when Captain Rudrich had come in with a bottle of champagne under each arm he had received him like a comrade and honored guest. They had toasted each other, ignoring the white-faced girl who stood up with them, glass in hand.

"To the Top Dog—wherever he is!" Paul had said.

Then Jacquine had snapped the stem of her glass between her fingers. The break had sounded loud in the silence while the two men drank and they had had to look at her, the captain with a smile lurking about his thin mouth, and Paul with a bitter anger.

"That was a stupid, melodramatic gesture, my dear sister," he said. "You must forgive her, Captain. Women don't understand defeat—or even that it is better to be defeated when you yourself are not fit to conquer. Did you know, Captain, that my squadron-leader actually turned tail — in combat—and flew for his life. I'll tell you the details some time. They're side-splitting —"

He suddenly became grim and authoritative. "Don't leave us, Jacquine. You might as well know the truth now as later. I'm through with being a Frenchman. It means nothing but muddled politics and runaway Generals, and greedy little men fighting for the middle of the road. Away with it all—" He clapped Captain Rudrich on the shoulder. "Here is the Future—my Future, too, for three square meals a day and a roof over my head and a shut mouth."

Captain Rudrich's smile came out into the open.

"Your brother is a little drunk, Fraulein. I do not think they serve champagne even in the Oflags. But I told you—did I not?—that we do not release our enemies."

This time they let her go.

She broke away and out into a country lane that melted at last into the fields. Under a fringe of trees she knelt down and buried her face in the short grass, and wept as she had not wept for the dead. The earth received her, she thought pitifully, with something deeper and wiser than human compassion.

Through her own wild sobbing she heard the contented grazing of nearby sheep, the clear melancholy clang of a cowbell, and above these sounds a deep familiar droning. It broke off suddenly. Then there was quiet again. She sat up. The dusk had deepened to nightfall. And under the trees, merged in their shadow, a bird had alighted.

She did not know why she was not frightened—except, perhaps, that she had nothing left to fear. And, besides, there was something about this wide-winged shadow that was lost and fugitive like herself. She got up and went toward it. A man was standing close beside the plane. She could not see his face. She did not know why his dark quiet should be so poignant.

His hand was outstretched grotpingly, and when it touched the plane's wing it stopped and rested there. His other hand covered his eyes and his head was bowed as though in that hour of respite he was praying. He seemed to have heard her. He spoke in English, in a low voice. He asked, "Where am I?" and she answered in English, "This is Jouville—France—"

"Thank you," he said simply.

She knew from his voice now that he was young, too, and she felt less desolate.

"Is there anyone with you?" she asked.

"Not any more. Ginger—my pilot—is in the cockpit. But he's gone. He knew he was going. But he said he'd make his landing first. He did, too—a beauty. Who are you?"

"My name is Jacquine Ronsard—"

"Ronsard — that's somehow familiar. But I meant—you're a girl, aren't you?"

"Yes—"

"I mean— I was guessing from your voice. It sounded like a girl's voice. You're French—of course?"

"Yes—"

"I don't know why I said 'of course.' The place must be crawling with Jerries. I suppose I'll have them on my neck at any minute. They must have spotted us, though Ginger switched off the engines."

She asked almost angrily, "Why did you come down here?"

"We had to. A Yellow Nose gave us a straight burst. Ginger got his, poor kid. And, anyhow, our juice was running out—"

"You are hurt, too—"

"A little. It's nothing. I'm still standing. But I guess not much to look at. Please don't look—not for a minute—"

He was fumbling with his tunic, and she saw him tug out his handkerchief and mop his face, and, with his back turned, tie the dark rag over his eyes. He was trying to hide something ugly and pitiful from her. She said quietly, "I have seen so much. My father was a doctor. Let me help you—"

"Thanks—" He turned toward her—but not quite directly, standing very slim and erect, like a black arrow against the dead, fantastic background of the plane. "I'd be glad—" he said. His hand was outstretched, but not quite in her direction, and she came to him and took his arm.

"There's one thing we've got to do—somehow," he said. "We've got to burn her up—not let her get into their hands. She's a sweetheart—and they'd make her do filthy things." He asked, "How late is it?"

"It must be close on nine o'clock."

"They don't seem to have heard us. P'raps we'll have time. Is there anyone who could help. One of your people?"

"I have a brother," she said tonelessly.

"A soldier?"

"A flier."

"He'd understand. You see—I'm sort of helpless. I don't seem even able to think clearly. Being blind suddenly—sort of throws you out of your stride."

He did not speak of the pain. But she could feel it like a red-hot electric current flowing from his hand through her own body. She put her arm round him and he sagged a little, leaning against her.

"That feels good," he murmured. "Promise though—you won't let them get the bus—"

"I promise."

"You're awfully little, aren't you? I oughtn't to lean so heavily."

"Lean on me!" she commanded, almost fiercely.

She seemed to grow strong for him, and, somehow, slowly and blundering, she brought him across the fields.

The house beyond the dead garden was as quiet as a tomb should be. A light still burned in the dining-room, but there were no voices.

So Captain Rudrich had done his work and gone away. Only Babette clattered her evening dishes in the kitchen. She had sharp old ears, and the breath choked in the girl's throat as she led her companion down an unlit passage and up narrow back stairs to her own room. The noise of his blundering steps terrified her.

"I'm making an awful row," he said. "You ought to warn your people." He gave his irrepressible boy's chuckle. "They might think I'm a Jerry—"

He thought he had fallen among friends.

Please turn to page 22

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725750



If it's Vicars ...it's all wool!

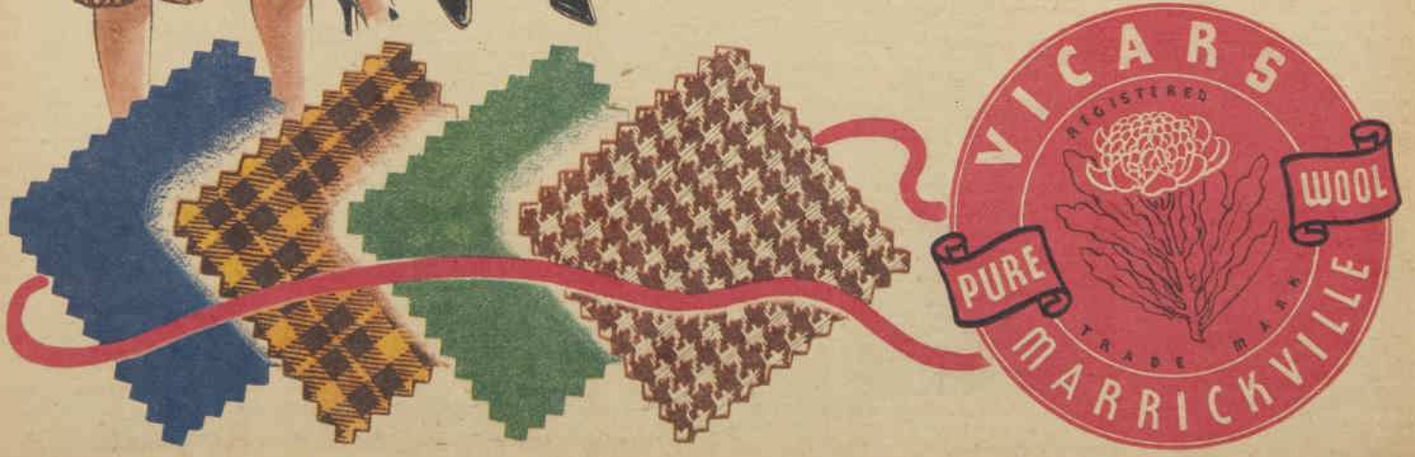


VICARS Woollens have been 'called to the colours' in a dual sense. Side by side with the millions of yards of cloth produced for uniforms, they present a battalion of colourful and individual fabrics... all 100% pure wool... for women on the home front.

The colour variety of VICARS Woollens allows you still to exercise your personal taste in dress, for it covers everything from demure pastels to glowing checks... adaptable to every fashion whim... dinner frocks... day dresses... coats... costumes... children's garments... baby clothes.

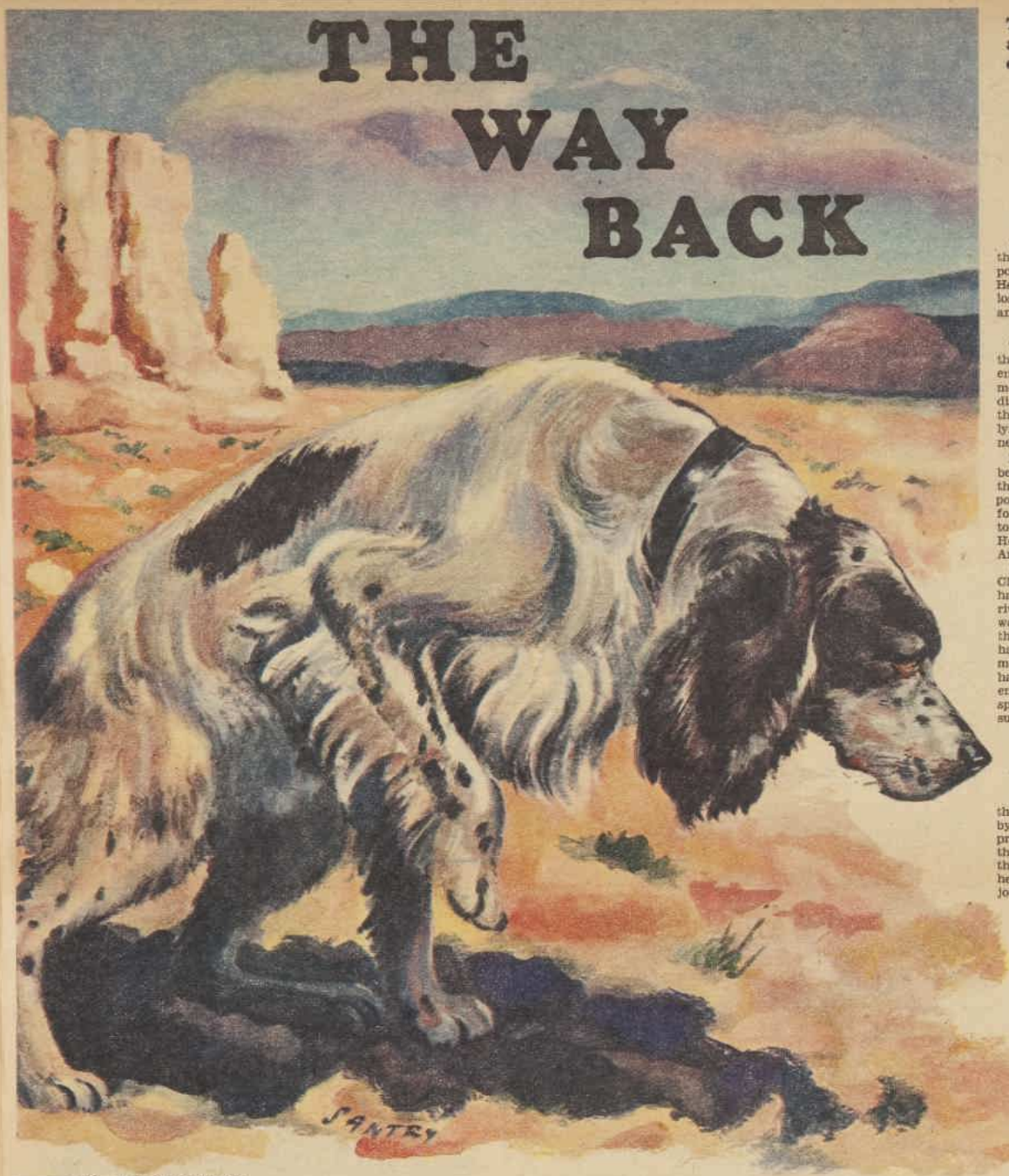
VICARS Woollens do more than please the eye. They meet with the complete approval of those who value lasting good appearance, real coupon service. Their softness and stay-fresh quality are further advantages. In the future, watch for VICARS Woollens.

John Vicars & Co. Pty. Ltd., 34 Victoria Road, Marrickville, N.S.W.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725751

THE WAY BACK



The story of a dog and a man—and how the dog solved a problem for each of them.

By RODERICK LULL

FOR a long minute the dog lay by the side of the road, where he had rolled after the fall from the car. He lay with his eyes open, whimpering, feeling with all his being the dull pain in his shoulder.

While he lay there fear stabbed at him, deep inside and sharp. There were two fears, strangely mixed up together—the fear born of his hurt, and the fear born of the knowledge that he was alone and lost, that they had gone on and left him.

After the long minute he stirred and came slowly to his feet. He stood trembling, though the pain was leaving now and he knew out of instinct that he was not seriously injured. He stood by the roadside, staring down the highway the way the car had gone. It was evening, with the coolness of night coming on. There was nothing at all in sight, and there was no sound.

Vaguely the dog's mind recalled what had happened. He had been in his accustomed place in the steel-and-wire dog box that was bolted to the running board. He had been standing up, stretching, before lying down again. The car had swerved to avoid another car, and he had been thrown roughly against the door. Then there had been a brief time of darkness and he had come to his senses lying by the roadside.

The dog whined deep in his throat. He had been born in a kennel. They had bought him when he was five months old. The kennel was long since forgotten, and all he knew was the house and the grounds where he had lived for all but five months of his life.

They had left it often enough, to go hunting or travelling, but always they had returned. He had again smelled the familiar smells, and been fed from the familiar dish, and gone to sleep in the familiar place. Always, until now.

The dog felt a stirring, deep inside him. He lifted his head. Whatever now commanded him was as if one of them had given a spoken order. The dog trotted down the road, keeping well to the side of it. Whenever he heard a car he left the road and hid himself in the brush until it passed. The impulse deep inside him told him to keep out of sight, to approach no one, to be seen by no one. He obeyed without question.

* * * * *

Taylor turned the car off the highway, and let it glide to a stop before the small frame building marked "Rosegarden Auto Court Office."

His wife got slowly, stiffly, out of the car. He noticed her from the corner of his eye as she stepped through the door. She looked, he thought suddenly, as alive and almost as youthful as she had fifteen years ago. He had been thinking that a great deal lately. And whenever he thought it he felt anger and weariness and the harsh knowledge of his own failure.

"It's been a long ride," he said, trying to make his voice sprightly.

He pushed desperately on, aware only of heat, thirst, and the pain in his paws.

"I'll guarantee Jinx can do with a little exercise."

Taylor saw the dog-box then, the door open where the flimsy catch had rusted through and at last broken. She saw it at the same moment. Neither of them said anything, beyond the little gasp she gave. They were back in the car at once and turning round. The proprietor of the auto camp hurried toward them from one of the cabins, but they gave him no attention.

"He was there when we stopped for gas at Olneyville," Taylor said. "That's about seventy miles." He looked at her and saw her white face.

He touched her hand for a moment. It was warm and dry. He put his own hand back on the wheel.

"We'll find him, all right," he said. "Don't worry. He'll stick to the highway. Smart dog, Jinx."

They went to Olneyville, tooting the horn at intervals, occasionally calling the dog's name out of the windows, never missing an inch of the roadside. . . . They found nothing. They came back to the auto camp. It was dark on the way back and he thought that even the sound of the horn had become dispirited, as if there was no hope of finding the dog.

"We'll advertise in the local papers," he said. "I'll see about that first thing in the morning. And there's his licence on his collar. We'll get him back."

"Yes," she said. She smiled again. He knew what she was thinking. This, on top of so much else. The last straw. To put it bluntly, the final kick in the pants. So much done, finished, ended.

THE dog missed them because he had left the highway. He had come to where a narrow road went off through the tall trees. He stopped, sniffing the air, indecisive, wondering. Then the order came again, clear, indubitable.

He followed the road up a hill and down. There was a meadow with a brook, and he drank of the clear water for a long time. Then he took to the road again and followed it at a steady, energy-saving trot, along the edge of a deep ravine. Once more the road dipped and he was in another, smaller valley, protected from the winds. He wanted to keep on, but another order came—he must rest and be strong for the morning. It was dark and late. He went into the deep brush, turned about a half-dozen times, and lay down, his muzzle snug between his forepaws, his body bent in a tight semicircle. He had his back to a great tree, and he slept.

In the morning he felt hunger for the first time. He drank from a pool, then searched about for food. He smelt a rabbit and pursued and lost it. He returned to the road and trotted on.

* * * * *

That night, Taylor didn't sleep, though the bed was comfortable enough. He lay still, wanting to move and not moving, so as not to disturb her. He knew she was doing the same thing—not sleeping, just lying still, controlling her jumping nerves for his sake.

He thought it all through again—because there was nothing else to think about, not because it could possibly do any good. And again, for the thousandth time, he came to the same inevitable conclusion: He was through. He was broke. And there was nothing left for him.

He remembered the talk with Claridge. The long office with the hand-carved desk, the view of the river where the shipyards were now working twenty-four hours a day, the air of opulence and money. He had made the trip for this, spending money he could not afford, and he had been sorry for it as soon as he entered the office, before a word was spoken. Claridge, in his fine flannel suit, standing up and smiling, his hand outstretched—and in his eyes the certain question

Taylor remembered with shame the first thing he had said: "How are you, Jack? I'll come to the point—I'm one of the boys the war boom seems to have passed by. The truth is, between those priorities and what's happened to the foreign markets, I'm squeezed thin as paper." He had been very hearty about it, as if it were quite a joke—a harsh joke, but a joke, nevertheless. And Claridge had smiled, too; Taylor had known at once what that smile meant. He wondered, now, how many times he had heard similar stories before.

It was no longer possible to lie in bed, and he got up. Jane turned at once, looking at him with eyes which had no brightness at all. She said: "I don't see how people can sleep outside of their own beds. I never could."

"I'm the same way." He thought that it was almost as if two casual acquaintances were talking.

He dressed and sat in a chair while she made coffee on the stove that had one dead burner.

"About Jinx," he said then, "I can find out from this fellow here what papers to advertise in. I can telephone them."

Her eyes were completely expressionless when she looked at him now. He knew precisely what she felt. The loss of the dog was the greatest thing in their lives. It was something neither of them could talk about. It had taken on a cruel symbolism, out of all reason to its real importance. They had to get the dog back.

When he returned to the cabin after arranging for the newspaper advertisement, she was ready, the bags packed. "We might go to Olneyville and back again," he said. "Before we go on. Just in case."

"We should do that," she said.

Going out to the car she put her hand on his arm. "That offer Mr. Claridge made you, Don—it might be——"

Please turn to page 8

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725752

The Way Back

Continued from page 7

SHE stopped in midsentence of her own accord. They had been over this before. He didn't answer. What it amounted to was a clerkship. Claridge had been very kind. Too kind. "It's this way, Bob. You've got to learn. After all, it's a new kind of business to you. In this job you'll get an idea of all the phases of it. Find out what you're best adapted for. And in time—well, there's no telling what might turn up. If you were ready."

He smiled. He was forty-five years old. In middle age. It was that phrase—"in time"—how much time? How much? He had been his own boss almost all his life, and he had made good money. And now—

He put the bags in the car. He slid in behind the wheel and started the motor. He knew what the end would probably be. What it had to be.

.

The dog had lost all sense of time. He did not know how many times he had slept hidden in brush by a roadside, or how many times he had sought for food—usually in garbage dumps. He was aware that now the character of the country was changing. The sun's heat was intense. And the ground was no longer soft and cool and yielding. It was hot, and dry, and sandy, and it hurt his pads.

The dog's breathing was raucous from thirst when he came to the house with the high, peaked roof and the long, covered porch. He approached it slowly, sniffing the air for the miraculous scent of water.

A small boy came from the house. He ran toward the dog. The dog stood his ground, growling low in his throat. The boy stopped and cried, "Mother—dog!"

A woman appeared then and the dog eyed her, the hair on his back standing straight up. The woman said, "Don't go near him, Bill." And then, "He's thirsty. Terribly thirsty."

She went back into the house and the dog waited. When she returned she carried a pan of water. She put it on the ground and withdrew a dozen steps.

The dog drank his fill, watching them. When he was done his hunger came back. He lifted his head and looked at her.

"He's hungry, too," the woman said.

Again the dog waited. This time she brought him a plate of food. He ate it all. And now his hunger and his thirst were ended and he felt deeply the pain in his pads.

The woman approached him slowly. She held out her hand. He liked her smell. It was a good smell, a kind and friendly smell. He knew that if he stayed he would be given a place to sleep. And tomorrow more food and all the water he wanted.

"Here, boy," the woman said gently.

But the dog looked at her once, then turned and trotted off.

.

For the second time, Taylor read the letter. He had shown it to Jane. He had waited for her opinion. She had said nothing. All she had done was read it and put it down.

He read between the lines. Claridge was trying so hard to be kind and pleasant and encouraging: "I know it will be a little tough at first, but in my opinion a man with your experience and gifts could——"

Claridge was trying to buck him up. He had, of course, seen through the flimsy camouflage. Any man of reasonable astuteness, Taylor knew, could have done that. A man who was desperate and frightened, trying to be nonchalant. He looked back upon it and despised himself.

Jane had left the room. He heard her in the kitchen, preparing lunch. He had to answer Claridge, of course. After all, he had been mighty decent. He had written first when he didn't have to, when the obligation and the duty were all the other way. And there was only one answer. Taylor had, at least, to be honest. It was almost the last luxury he had left. He couldn't accept.

He leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes. He opened them suddenly—he had heard the soft sound of a dog's feet entering the room. But the room was empty.

.

Jinx stood on the hilltop, looking down. His muzzle quivered as he drank in the scents that were both new and old. Again the country had changed—there were fields where the earth was deep and fragrant, broken by stands of fir. The dog remembered. He stood trembling, while his mind went back along the eight eternal years of his life. He knew he had been often in a country like this, but the how and the why of it escaped him.

He had found water and his thirst was satisfied. He had found some food, but not enough. His coat was unkempt and the ribs stood out stark against it. Long since he had taken for granted the great pain that began in his pads and ran through his body—taken it for a thing inevitable and certain, for which nothing could be done. When he licked his pads his tongue always tasted blood, and now he took that for granted, too.

The dog lay down for a little while. Then he rose and shook himself. He went to a small stream and drank again. He drank more than he wanted, storing the water up against emergency. For the hundredth time he returned to the highway and turned west. The thing inside him that drove him on had lost none of its power. And now in this new country that was old, the dog went faster.

.

Taylor tore the letter up. He dropped the pieces into the waste-basket. He walked up and down the room and smoked a cigarette that had no taste, and sat down at the desk again. It should be such an easy letter to write, he thought. He would say he wished matters might be otherwise, and he would politely refuse. A very simple letter. . . .

It was then he heard it—the scratch on the door. And that was no doubt imagination, too, like the time he had thought he had heard a dog's feet on the rug. He heard Jane leaving the kitchen and going down the hallway.

It wasn't imagination, then. Probably some very diffident caller. Or maybe even a dog that had lost its way and had turned in desperation to a door, any door. He hoped Jinx had done that. And had found a good home. It was sentimental and silly, of course, but he felt it deeply.

He heard the latch click as Jane opened the door. Then her voice, high-pitched: "Don! It's Jinx!"

He was on his feet then, running. And he was on his knees, his arm under the dog, half lifting him. There were red smears on the light hall carpet, and there was the touch of the dog's lank tongue on his hand. There were the unkempt coat and the pitifully thin flanks. And there was more than that—the sight and knowledge of the dog's courage, the dog's determination.

"Good fellow, Jinx—good, good fellow—why, he's starved, Jane! Get him some food—wait a minute, we'll have to feed him slowly at first. He's almost done in!" Always the dog's eyes were upon him, bright and grateful and happy, the whites bloodshot.

He needed bathing and brushing, but that would wait. They fed him and gave him water, and he ate and drank. After each mouthful he lifted his head and looked at both of them. It was as if he wanted to be certain again and again that they were really there.

THEY didn't talk until the dog was lying in his usual spot before the fireplace. Taylor sat down, feeling uneasy, and played with a cigarette he never lighted. He said, "It's the strangest thing I ever heard of. He came almost a thousand miles. And some of that's the toughest on the continent. No water, nothing to eat—you can drive fifty miles without seeing a house in places. At his age."

"At his age," she said. It was very quiet in the room.

He looked at her, and she was smiling faintly. He smiled, too, and it was all fixed now, and it had been the only thing to do from the beginning, but he had been too blind and stupid to see it. It was clear and at the same time confused in detail, but there were no two ways about it. It was bound up with a dog's courage and stubbornness, and with the knowledge that beings of flesh and blood could at times do more than it was possible to do. And it was something more than that still, but he hadn't quite figured it out in his mind.

He stood up and went toward the desk. He leaned down and ran his hands gently over the dog's long, relaxed body. Jinx opened his eyes and stared up at him, and his tail thumped the floor. Taylor went to the desk, and got paper out of the drawer, and unscrewed the cap from his fountain pen. He wrote, quickly and firmly: "Dear Jack." There wasn't any problem at all about what to say. The letter seemed to write itself.

(Copyright)

Murder in Tow

Continued from page 4

MRS. GILLAM came in from the kitchen. "Olive, did you know two of those Warner girls are out in the kitchen, and I saw Hod in the yard?"

"Yes. William fired their mother. The rest of the family shouldn't have to suffer."

"But do you think it's wise to employ any of them, considering what they did to me? I've been dreadfully sick through that woman's carelessness, or worse."

"But, Abby, we don't even know Mrs. Warner did anything yet. I still believe that Peckham woman managed to get near the mixing bowl."

"Fiddlesticks. I don't like Corinne Peckham any better than you do. But that cookie business was all Mrs. Warner's fault."

Bill had explained to her several times that the cookies she had eaten were uncontaminated, but she always returned to her original grievance, as if he had never spoken. It irritated him.

The telephone rang as he went into the hall.

Bundy was a trifle breathless. "Lieutenant French, could I see you for a few minutes?"

"Certainly. What's wrong?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. But I can't get away to see you or anyone. I hoped you could come over soon."

"I'll be there in two shakes."

Bill went through the living-room, where Mrs. Paige and Mrs. Gillam were talking.

"Who was that? And where are you going, William?"

Bill gave his aunt a cool stare. He might as well punch a time clock. "Out! If anyone asks you can say I went to buy some cigarettes."

He stopped at the corner drug-store and called the police from the telephone booth. Then he drove to the Peckham bungalow.

Bundy ran out to the car. She wore orange slacks, a chartreuse shirt, and a cummerbund of brilliant blue. She looked like a vivid tropical bird with her dark red hair streaming over her shoulders. At her heels was the guard. He could hardly take his eyes from her. His assignment could have been made his life work, and he wouldn't have minded.

"Lieutenant French?" He noted with interest the insignia on Bill's car door. "Okay."

Bill smiled. "Get in, Bundy. I've permission to give you an airing." He looked directly into her face as she stepped in beside him.

The tension she was enduring had tightened the muscles about her mouth. Her lips were stiff, controlled. And tormented, sleepless hours had glazed her eyes. But she did her best to return his greeting with nonchalance.

"I'm so glad to get away for even a minute. I felt—I just felt I couldn't stand it another hour."

"Anything special on your mind? Yes, Mr. Helm came to see me this morning." She laughed nervously. "He seems to think I ought to have a guardian or something. He acted so strangely about it. You see, most of the money I've been left is in trust. But there's twelve thousand that isn't. Mr. Helm is anxious for me to tie it up someway so nobody could get it from me. It's humiliating. You'd think I was a child."

Bill caught a glimpse of the smooth perfection of her flushed cheek, the sweep of her left lashes, the candid wilful innocence of her gaze. He had to smile ruefully. He could understand Helm's despair. "What did you tell him, Bundy?"

"I said I'd think it over. I told him I might be going to be married soon. I didn't say to whom."

Bill hid another weary smile at that. As if the world didn't know her hopes!

He stole another glance at her. It was worth it. No wonder Steve was nervous all the time. Her spectacular looks were dangerous enough. The money made it worse. But her impulsive innocence was the limit.

"Have you mentioned this to Steve?"

"No. He hates Mr. Helm. I don't know why, but he's quite violent about him. I don't want to give Steve any more to worry about. Steve is always at me to get the money from Helm and put it into government bonds." Her voice sharpened. "Everyone seems to think I'm an idiot child. Everyone but the police. They think I'm a horrible, cruel—"

"Stop!" Bill's tone was as brutal as a slap. "Don't let it get you. You're doing well. Keep it up. The police don't really suspect you. They couldn't."

Please turn to page 29



"Lustre suits me!"

"Lustre suits my pocket . . . my coupon book . . . and my desire to have long-lasting undies that wash well and look pretty to the very last." Such sentiments about Lustre will appeal to every budget-wise girl who likes lovely undies that last longer.

Lustre

FINE LINGERIE

L.26

LOOK FOR THE LUSTRE LABEL

DE WITT'S PILLS

A GREAT HELP FOR Sluggish Kidney Action



Backache, rheumatic twinges, joint pains, dizzy spells — all these are symptoms of sluggish kidney action. Tone up and strengthen those weak kidneys with De Witt's Pills.

Full directions with each bottle.

Of Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere; prices 1/9, 3/-, 5/9.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725753



Movie World

• IDA LUPINO, a slender pocket dynamo, is one of Warner Bros.' finest dramatic actresses. Her parents, Stanley Lupino and Connie Emerald, two of England's most popular stage stars, began training Ida when she was seven—in a fully equipped theatre at the bottom of their large London garden. Ida co-stars with Paul Henried in "In Our Time," and in her spare time drives an ambulance in the U.S. Women's Voluntary Service.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725754

A GUY NAMED JOE . . . MGM's wartime fantasy



1 **RECKLESS PILOT** Major Pete Sandidge (Spencer Tracy) chats with children after commander has reprimanded him.



2 **AT LOCAL INN** with friend Al (Ward Bond), Pete meets girl he loves, Dorinda (Irene Dunne), a ferry pilot.



3 **PETE** and Al are dismayed when commander (James Gleason) sends them on a survey flight.



4 **WHEN PETE** is killed in crash Al breaks news to Dorinda, but reminds her that "pilots never die."



5 **SO PETE'S** spirit goes to "pilots' heaven."



6 **PETE SEES** Dorinda is falling in love with pilot Ted (Van Johnson), who is on dangerous mission.



7 **DORINDA DECIDES** to rejoin Pete in death, and takes Ted's place, but Pete's spirit guides her back to Ted.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Life after death theory

IN "A Guy Named Joe," MGM take as their central theme the old superstition that pilots never die, but remain on earth, invisible, guiding the destinies of those who follow them.

Spencer Tracy, an American pilot, dies a hero—bombing an enemy carrier at the cost of his life, and leaving Irene Dunne, his sweetheart, and Ward Bond, his best friend, to grieve for him on earth. Tracy awakens to find himself in a strange place, the "heaven" of dead airmen. Here he learns from the "General" that he has a new job, that of aiding student pilots to become proficient airmen, and his spirit continues to lurk in the background.



Peeps into the pages of

"MY LIFE AS A W.A.A.A.F."

A true story that gives you 48 pages of absorbing reading!

Write for it just for the pleasure of reading it. Write for it, also, if you're thinking of joining the W.A.A.A.F. It answers every question you or your mother might have.

FREE! Write for it to the R.A.A.F. Recruiting Centre, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth or Hobart "My Life as a W.A.A.A.F.", post free.

AFW22-26

Peggy Sage

Exclusive Manicure



CATARRH

HAY FEVER, 'FLU, CHRONIC COLDS, BRONCHITIS BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, ANTRUM AND SINUS TROUBLES

These distressing complaints are all caused by germs in the bloodstream, and lasting relief can only be obtained by defeating these germs. Vaxos No. 1 is an oral vaccine (a vaccine which, instead of being injected, is simply taken a few drops each day in water, by mouth), and is produced under Government licence by an eminent physician. Upon absorption into the bloodstream Vaxos quickly sets to work destroying the attacking germs and neutralising the poisons created by them, with the result that the patient soon feels brighter, headaches and body pains vanish, and health steadily improves. With continued treatment immunity to the disease is established for up to two years. Vaxos is perfectly safe, even for children and elderly people to take. Don't continue to suffer needlessly; obtain Vaxos from your chemist to-day.

TWO OTHER VAXOS TREATMENTS

Vaxos No. 2 (Warren Crowe Type) for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Myositis, Fibrositis, Lumbago, and Spondylitis.

Vaxos No. 3 for Boils, Pimples, Carbuncles, Acne, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Eczema, Impetigo, Septic Sores, and most Skin Infections.

EACH TREATMENT IN TWO SIZES

Large Size (24 c.cs.) 6 weeks' treatment for Chronic Cases 21/-

Medium Size (15 c.cs.) 3 weeks' treatment for Acute Cases 12/6

VAXOS No 1 ORAL VACCINE

If your chemist is out of stocks write to:

VACCINE PRODUCTS (AUST.), 584 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, C.1.

Don't quit—KEEP BUYING WAR SAVINGS BONDS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725755

SERVICE WIVES IN THE FILM COLONY

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood



● *Before departing for overseas duty, popular film star Lieutenant Van Heflin spends his last precious leave with his baby daughter, Vana, and wife, Frances Neal. Incidentally, Frances is one of Hollywood's up-and-coming young starlets.*

WHILE their husbands are away in the fighting Services, Hollywood glamor girls are doing their part to help the war effort—and doing a good job, too.

Their spare time is devoted to the Hollywood Canteen, war bond tours, and camp entertainment tours throughout America and the world battlefronts.

Many have trained as nurses' aids, transport drivers, or enrolled in one of the numerous voluntary services.

Greer Garson is one of Hollywood's busiest stars. Almost as soon as "Madame Curie" was finished, MGM had her signed for "Mrs. Parkington," yet Greer still manages to tour the country bond selling, and is one of the most enthusiastic workers for "Bundles for Bluejackets."

Young starlet Frances Neal worked in the Los Angeles hospital as a nurses' aide, and spent most of her free evenings at the Hollywood Canteen. Now, however, Frances is devoting most of her time to the care of her small daughter.

Brenda Marshall (wife of Lieutenant William Holden) has also been forced to give up most of her war work to take care of her baby son.

Caring for children

HOWEVER, she still manages to continue her work at the Hollywood Day Nursery two days a week, and takes her own baby along to keep a watchful eye on him.

It seems incongruous to visualise glamorous Ann Sothern as an ardent knitter, but Ann's knitting is always with her.

By now she must surely hold the Hollywood record for soldiers' helmets.

Ann has proved one of the most popular stars at camp shows. She told me that she was thinking of giving up the "Maisie" roles, but found when she was on tour that she had such an enthusiastic following in the Army that she returned to make "Maisie Goes to Reno."

Ruth Hussey is one film star who genuinely loves housekeeping. While her husband, Robert Longenecker, former radio agent, was on a sergeant's pay they took a tiny apartment, and Ruth insisted on doing all the cooking and cleaning herself.

Now Ruth is glowing with pride because Robert has graduated from training school, and is now a lieutenant. Ruth spends a lot of her time working at the Hollywood Canteen, and has made several bond-selling tours.

While Navy flier Robert Taylor is on active duty, his attractive wife, Barbara Stanwyck, keeps busy making films and doing Red Cross and canteen work.

Barbara is also an active member of the committee who entertain the men of the Services when they come to Hollywood on leave.

Just as women all over the world, the famous screen stars look forward eagerly to brief reunions with their husbands in the Services, and meanwhile do their part in helping to win the war.



● *Greer Garson sees husband, Lieutenant Richard Ney, of the U.S. Navy, on the occasions when his ship puts in at a West Coast port. Richard has been on service in the Aleutians.*



● *Ann Sothern is married to Army flying-instructor Robert Sterling, who is stationed at present in California, preparing for overseas service.*

An Album of
THE SONGS YOU LOVE
for 2/-

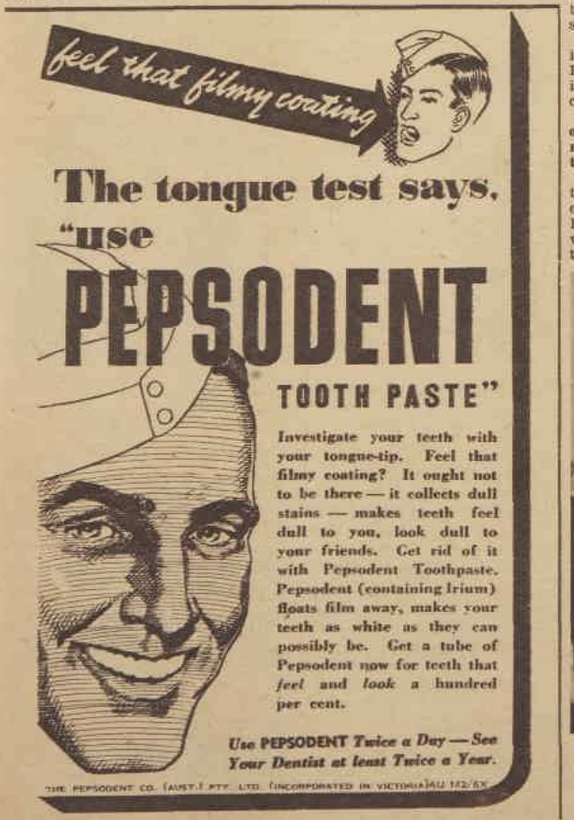
HILL BILLY SONG ALBUMS
Hill Billy Song Album No. 1
Tex Morton „ „
Bob Dyer „ „
Gene Autry „ „
Price 2/-. Posted 2/2

POPULAR SONG ALBUMS
Andrews Sisters Song Album
Irving Berlin „ „
Song Memories „ „
Old Favourite „ „
Mother Song „ „
Broadcast Song Album, No. 16
Broadcast „ „ No. 17
Price 2/-. Posted 2/2

AVAILABLE FROM ALL MUSIC SELLERS.

Publishers:
D. DAVIS & CO. PTY. LTD.
250 Pitt Street, SYDNEY.







Don't stymie yourself out of a game of golf! What's the use of those old, battered golf balls tucked away in your bag, locker, or at home? Remember, no crude or synthetic rubber is available for new golf balls, so putt, slice, hook, chip or just roll those old balls along to your dealer or Golf Pro. for Re-building by the Spalding process. The sooner you turn them in, the sooner you will get them back. Do it NOW.

Under the Spalding Re-building plan, for each old golf ball you hand in, your dealer will give you 2d. And you can buy back about half as many as you hand in at the fixed official price of 2/7d. each. Unfortunately, about 50% of old balls won't survive the Re-building process. These have to be scrapped and go into the rubber salvage reclaim pool. So, 12 old golf balls equals about 6 gleaming Re-built balls.

Hand in those old golf balls NOW . . . and hit off with a sweet, true drive, and a gleaming smooth ball that looks and plays like new.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS. (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725756



Brave little war bride... she arrays herself in the symbols of the happiness she hopes will be hers . . . something borrowed and something old, cherished treasures carried by erstwhile brides, fine-spun mists recalling lovely garments by Prestige. Little indeed has she that is new. And if her hosiery and pretties are not all that she might wish, if her war-time trousseau is little more than a promise of things to come, let her take heart . . . When Victory comes, Prestige will restore to her those exquisite sheers and that lovely Personalised Lingerie, faultlessly hand-cut . . . the right of every woman to whom poise and charm are a proud heritage.

Prestige

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725757

Week-end at Mrs. Roosevelt's country cottage

Our London correspondent guest of First Lady while in U.S.A.

By ANNE MATHESON

This week-end it was my privilege to be a guest at the Roosevelts' house at Hyde Park and to enjoy warm hospitality, dispensed with the ease and informality that is Eleanor Roosevelt's outstanding quality.

To appreciate fully America's First Lady one must meet her against the background of her home and family.



ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff, who, during a visit to the United States, spent a week-end with Mrs. Roosevelt. She is wearing her uniform of war correspondent accredited to the U.S. forces.



MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

I MET Mrs. Roosevelt when she toured Britain before her trip to Australia, and as soon as she heard I'd arrived in the United States I was invited to Hyde Park.

I was asked to bring my swimsuit, and there was a promise of a picnic lunch.

Thrilling as the invitation sounded, I could not have anticipated feeling and being in a home from home as I did from the moment I arrived.

For the First Lady, stepping out of the door of her cottage, took my hand in the friendliest greeting and said, "Welcome to America. I hope you're enjoying your stay."

She was wearing a bathing-suit—a skirted model of white duck and a rubber bathing-cap that was split in several places. Her hair peeped through, and she laughed as she tucked in her unruly locks.

"We're rationed in many things, too," she said. "Rubber bathing-caps are very hard to get."

Within a few moments I, too, was in my bathing-suit, with the wife of the President of America helping me to tie up my straps, and putting me quite at ease by chatting as I changed, about my visit to France, my life in England, and my impressions of America.

As we walked from her cottage to the bathing-pool not fifty yards away she told me something of the rest of her guests.

"Mrs. Henry Morgenthau, jun., is staying with me and several of my grandchildren.

"Then there's Uncle Harry—he's Harry Hooker, my husband's law partner.

"This is my eldest granddaughter," Mrs. Roosevelt said, as she introduced her daughter Anna's eldest girl, Eleanor Boettiger.

Mrs. Roosevelt's cottage is a small weatherboard house with green roof and shutters and a wide verandah.

It is rather like a spacious, unpretentious bungalow on the Blue Mountains. It is built in a valley at the foot of a steep road that leads up to the President's larger stone house, which stands high upon a hill.

He built this for himself, and it is more formal.

Across the valley on the opposite hill is the big house which was Mr. Roosevelt's mother's.

"I moved into the big house this summer so that I could have my grandchildren for the vacation," Mrs. Roosevelt told me.

She has thirteen grandchildren, and I met many of them.

Though there was plenty to do to entertain her large house party and arrange the picnic that was the highlight of the week-end, Eleanor Roosevelt kept the ball of conversation spinning on world affairs.



WEEK-END GUESTS being welcomed by Mrs. Roosevelt at her cottage built in part of the 1200-acre estate of Hyde Park. The house is weatherboard with green shutters and roof. The swimming-pool is nearby.

"We've a great responsibility to our boys who are fighting," she said.

"I only hope that women will remain alert. Making a good peace will be impossible if we go to sleep and ignore politics.

"We who have not been bombed but have lived our lives in comparative security throughout the war must imagine ourselves in the position of the women of Europe, and bear a greater responsibility in world affairs."

Mrs. Roosevelt told me she had heard from several Wacs in Australia.

She read me extracts from their letters, which had been forwarded to her.

"As we passed through town to our camp the streets were thronged with people waving and cheering," one Wac wrote.

"It really made us feel good. They're quite different from us—like English, though not so reserved. We like them."

Eleanor said: "We cannot thank Australians enough for the wonderful hospitality they've shown our boys, and now our Wacs.

"I do hope your boys passing through the United States are being given the opportunity to meet real American people in their homes. It's so good for us to get to know each other well."



HYDE PARK, the Roosevelts' home on the Hudson River, which has belonged to the President's family since the early 1800's. The King and Queen stayed here when they visited America.

To the picnic on Sunday Eleanor invited three pilots who were guests of her neighbors, and among them was an Australian, P/O. Jim Hetherington, of Deniliquin.

With true understanding of what a tour of bombing operations means, Eleanor had no sooner met Jim than she drew him aside to hear about his experiences.

Swimming race

SHE made an immediate hit with Jim, as with the Canadian and Norwegian pilots who accompanied him.

They dived into the pool with Mrs. Roosevelt and had a swimming race before helping her up the hill with the hampers from the cars.

The picnic was on the wide stone verandah of the President's house. Delicious fried chicken was served from a large platter, with salad and bread rolls, followed by gingerbread and watermelon, and after that baskets of peaches were brought out.

Mrs. Roosevelt served everything herself with the help of her life-long friend and secretary, Malvina Thomson. Young Eleanor served the water, milk, and, later, hot coffee.

We were picnicking at the same spot where she entertained the King and Queen when they were her guests.

"I'm very fond of informal life," she said. "There's nothing I love so much as a picnic, though I think it's a little hard on those members of my household who may prefer food in more formal fashion."

And Eleanor went on to tell of the guest who had enough courage to confess that some of the food had melted into his paper plate and he'd politely eaten the paper, too.

Like any mother of a large family—and Eleanor's "family" for the picnic added up to thirty—Eleanor didn't sit down for lunch till everyone else was served.

When she did she insisted on a high-backed chair, "because it's easy to get up and down," she explained.

She had changed into a white shark-skin tennis frock with ribbed cotton socks finishing up under her knees.

Lunch over, Eleanor gathered everyone round to hear those who'd recently arrived from Europe tell of their experiences. She even brought out the shy pilots, insisting they tell in their own words what they'd seen and done in Britain.

As the conversation ranged from how Civil affairs were working out in Italy and France to news of the recently arrived refugees being cared for in the small settlement set up just outside New York, the children grew a little restless. But for all her indulgence and easy-going manner, Eleanor is a strict disciplinarian, and kept them sitting still until the discussion was finished.

"It doesn't hurt children to take a back seat for a while, and it's very good for them to get some inkling of the world outside their own," she said.

For compensation she gathered the children about her afterwards and read them Kipling's story of how the elephant got his trunk. After that there was more swimming in the pool at the bottom of the hill, by her own cottage.

Eleanor buys the children War Bonds for birthday presents, and one of her grandsons has just been given "Poppet and Pete" by a Sydney girl, Margaret Pearson.

"I think it's one of the nicest books for children," Mrs. Roosevelt said.

Home life

ELEANOR said she thought the backbone of any nation is the home, and when the boys came back there would not be a great problem from women who had taken over the men's jobs retaining them.

"Girls as well as men will want their own homes. Some will stay in jobs, but the majority will want to establish family life again.

"Home is the place where real friendliness and understanding springs up, and that quality, developing in small communities, spreads into the bigger, more impersonal cities, and finally through the nations.

"The kind of world we all want to live in can only be brought about through unceasing efforts from individuals," said Mrs. Roosevelt, whose busy public life takes her to the four corners of her own country, as well as half-way round the world.

She is well qualified to know what men and women are thinking and wanting, and is most anxious that what the soldiers are fighting for shall not be easily lost.

At the end of my visit Mrs. Roosevelt drove me to Poughkeepsie station in a small roadster, and I felt I'd known her all my life.

Again typical of her thought for others she said she intended to look up some of the Australian girls who had married Americans and had arrived to make their homes in the States, to see how they were settling down.

As the train pulled out for New York I waved to her from the Pullman and she called "Thank all the mothers of Australia for the way they've looked after our boys. It's been our greatest comfort."

SPRING — it's coupon free!

AJT is indeed a pleasing thing that Spring remains, as old,
Although new ways unfold,
A Spring is still an unchanged thing in pink, and blue, and gold.

I'd grieve to find austerity its plea had marked on her,
Swift spendthrift wanderer,
And rationed in our fashion bud or blossom, leaf or burr.

Grass running riot on the hills! And daffodils that blare
Their trumpets in the air!
Green leaves and bridal wattle sheaves to wreathe her shining hair.

Trees heaping blossom! Roads that smile mile after mile! Wide skies!
Pink hollyhocks that rise
In petalled turrets! Powdered moths! Confetti butterflies!

Oh, I could make an endless list. Economist, begone!
At evening and at dawn
Much overdone a pre-war sun still puts his splendor on!

There seems no rule or reason to a season. Though you bring
Out laws, that squanderer Spring
Remains as free, and that (to me) is quite a pleasing thing.

—JOYCE DINGWELL.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725758

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 2, 1944

THE FREEING OF PARIS

PARIS is free.

It was the French people themselves who liberated the city.

The scenes of defiance when the police took possession of the Ile de la Cite and defended it against all German attacks must have been extraordinarily dramatic.

Rejoicings at the fall of Paris are all the more intense by contrast with the grimness that filled the hearts of British people when the city was taken by the Germans in 1940.

It seemed then that the Germans were on the road to final victory.

The wit and beauty, the traditional culture and elegance of Paris were about to be crushed down beneath the heels of Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, and their like.

Yet, despite the enemy's determination, he could not suppress the spirit of Paris.

Parisian women defiantly preserved their elegant appearance, though they had to wear inexpensive clothes.

The womenfolk of the German conquerors looked tawdry by comparison, despite such wild extravagances as ornate cartwheel hats.

Amongst the workers in the Underground movement, Parisian women gave their lives in the battle against oppression.

Now, after four years of suffering, the hour of liberation has come.

The traitors (as many as could escape) are streaming eastward to temporary safety.

Even before the war they had been an evil influence in the life of Paris as corrupters and appeasers.

Now that they have been thrust out, France will be free to resume her great tradition of cultural and intellectual life.



NURSES AND PATIENT. At a hospital, somewhere in Australia. Standing, left to right: Nurses V. Pride, P. Rodgers, B. Prentice, I. Bagley, I. Williams. Sitting, left to right: Sisters M. King, J. McClymont, K. Downey, L/Cpl. Keith Sutherland, Sister V. Simons, Nurses O. Peachy and J. Sinclair.

First big skirmish for ground crews

Soon after the Allied landing on Noemfoor Island R.A.A.F. ground crews went into action against Japanese patrols.

This was the first real skirmish in which R.A.A.F. ground crews have taken part. Previously they were only in minor clashes.

The landing is described by Sgt. Colin Stone in a letter to friends at Barone, 27 McArthur St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

"ONCE again we have moved on to fresh fields. We are established on an island off the coast of Dutch New Guinea, until very recently in Japanese hands. The R.A.A.F. ground crews went in with the Yanks.

"The whole business was very exciting, especially seeing the Navy in action. It pounded hell out of the shore positions.

"The element of surprise was so great that dozens of Nip planes never had a chance of getting off the ground. They are lying round everywhere, wrecked.

"Air bombers and fighters came in to finish them off.

"The most thrilling sight in all my experience was seeing the paratroops land behind the lines. Oh, boy, it was thrilling!

"The Nips that had not gone to meet their ancestors did not wait to meet us. They are now getting bashed up on the other side of the island—what is left of them.

"We went on a tour of the perimeter to see what could be seen. In a patch of jungle we found an old Jap hospital; a few corpses were its only occupants. Our M.O. got some valuable medical gear, and we a few odds and ends for souvenirs.

"I went to investigate a foxhole near by, but beat a hasty retreat, as a dirty big Jap lay dead in the entrance.

"We don't poke round much now, as too many booby traps have been found."



INFORMAL BATHING. Tpr. Lance (Snow) Adams grimaces over his tubbing in Northern Australia. Photo sent by his sister, Miss Norma Adams, 59 Mary St., Unley, S.A.



R.A.A.F. BALLET. Members of the Unit Revue Party of an R.A.A.F. Works Wing in the Northern Territory. Left to right: LAC George Keenan, Sgt. "Nigger" Oliver, Cpl. Keith Summerfield, Sgt. "Slug" Burnett, LAC "Jive" Jessey, LAC "Winks" Winton, LAC Les. Lovell, LAC Les. Rawady. Photo sent by LAC Ian Powell-Lewis.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

Staff/Sgt. P. Millard, somewhere in New Guinea, to his niece, Beryl Green, 10 Leamington Crescent, Carnegie, Vic.:

"THE natives here are doing a grand job.

"As leaders they have appointed among their own color the best-trained native boys. These are called police boys, and are excellent soldiers.

"The police boys in arms are controlled by the whites, and generally know the white officer as 'Head Boss.'

"Four native boys were in charge of a party of boongs while on a job carrying stores to our troops. It was noticed that several of the party were among the missing.

"Believing the natives to have become lost, the four police boys set out into the jungle in search.

"The missing natives were not lost, but had turned traitor, and the police boys were led into a trap, captured, and handed over to the Japs.

"The enemy did their best to get information from the 'boys,' and in doing so tied them to separate trees and flogged them.

"The police boys managed to escape by untying their hands.

"Their freedom gained, they managed to go bush under machine-gun fire, and finally made their way back to 'head boss' and the rest of the loyal boongs.

"The latter were so angry over the betrayal of their 'head boys' that they set out after the natives and cunningly captured them from the enemy and duly returned with the traitors to 'head boss.'

"There and then they wanted to deal out punishment, but 'head boss' said he would handle them.

"The natives were not to be outdone, and did punish the unfortunates in a manner far worse than any flogging.

"They turned round and killed the dogs belonging to the traitors!

"Must sound a very strange way of dealing out punishment, but the fact is a native's treasure is his dog."

Stuart Parkinson, somewhere in New Guinea, to his mother, Mrs. Parkinson, Dandenong Rd., Prahran, Vic.:

"IT was about 6.20 p.m. and I was talking to S—— in the canteen.

"The Sarge-Major came along, sat down, and said he had a problem.

"He said he wanted some punishment for chaps that did not carry out orders and regulations — only trivial ones, but, nevertheless, orders —and had we any suggestions?

"S—— suggested they should be made to hold their rifles above their heads for 15 minutes.

"As soon as he said this, the Sarge-Major said to him: 'Right, get your rifle and do it, for not having gaiters on!'

"He had to do it, and before the time was up the perspiration was pouring off him.

"The rule is that by 6 p.m. everyone must have gaiters on and sleeves rolled down as protection against mosquitoes."



SGT. L. BARTON, Enmore, N.S.W., awarded the U.S. Soldier's Medal for Bravery, was first member of the British Forces in the Middle East to receive a U.S. decoration.

F/Sgt. D. V. Kelly, in England, to his mother at 18 Wallingford Rd., Cheltenham, Vic.:

"WE have been very busy since the invasion began.

"I got the biggest thrill of my life when I saw the English Channel as it was that morning.

"Ships stretched across it as far as the eye could see.

"As we were bombing gun-emplacements the dawn broke and enabled us to see the troops landing.

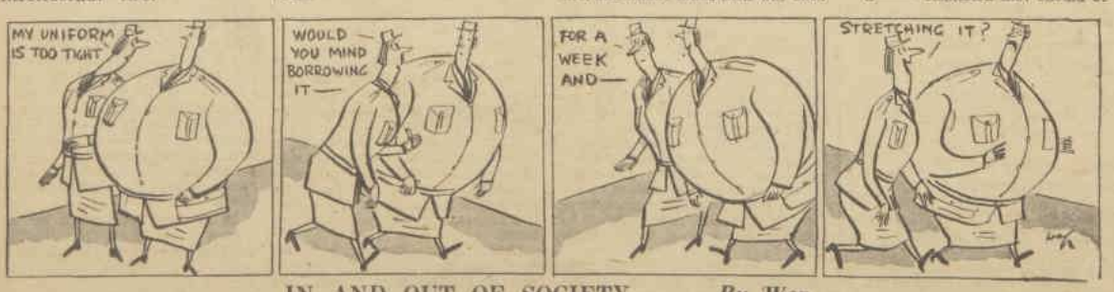
"The Navy was standing off and plastering any signs of resistance with its long-range guns.

"We were sending terrific loads of H.E. bombs, which were raining down in thousands.

"All round us the sky was filled with kites of every description, from the glider to the Lancaster.

"The enemy resistance was absolutely swamped.

"The whole event was timed not in minutes, but exactly to the second."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725759

Animal Antics



"I think Grondahl is a cinch to win the ski race."

Davey compering new show

Many radio listeners have been asking, "Where is Jack Davey?" He is now in Melbourne, but listeners in New South Wales will hear him often.

HIS first new nation-wide broadcast is a half-hour quiz variety presentation from 3AW, Melbourne. The "Jack Davey" programme is heard from 2GB every Friday night at 8.30.

In his new show, Jack Davey revives his most popular quiz, "Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral," with many new twists.

The 3AW Swing Orchestra and the band feature all of the most popular numbers of the day, and a special male quartet introduces novelty numbers in association with quizzes.

The production originates from the new 3AW Broadcast Theatre, which is situated where the old A.B.C. studios were in Melbourne. The new theatre is considered as modern as any radio auditorium in the Commonwealth.

Good orchestra

WELL-KNOWN conductor Charles Taylor, who has recently been discharged from the R.A.A.F., will shortly be conducting the orchestra for this programme.

Before he joined the R.A.A.F., Taylor led the orchestra at the Melbourne State Theatre, and before that was associated with the Tivoli Circuit.

He has also had experience in South Africa, the Far East, and the United States.

The first broadcast featuring this new orchestra will be heard in the Jack Davey presentation early in September.

Molly Byron, outstanding crooner, makes her first national broadcast in the Jack Davey show.

In the first presentation she sang "The Lord Done Fixed Up My Soul." She plays several musical instruments.

Others who will be heard are the Donald Sisters, swing singers, and crooner Geoff Brooke.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, August 30: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, August 31 (From 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, September 1: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, September 2: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Foursome."
SUNDAY, September 3 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, September 4: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from Our Boys."
TUESDAY, September 5: "Musical Alphabet."

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, has just captured Nails, a gangster, and handed him over to the police.
LOTHAR: Mandrake's giant Nubian servant, was kidnapped by Nails before a wrestling match, and broke his right arm in escaping.
SHARPY: Lothar's manager, wants to match him with the Champ, again, and is worried in case the arm is permanently injured. Mandrake and Sharpy are anxiously awaiting the removal of the cast from Lothar's arm. NOW READ ON:







National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725760



FAMILY ALBUM SNAPSHOT of the late Sir Charles Kingsford Smith in 1916. Smithy, then 19, had been invalided home, having collected the M.C. and foot injuries in a dogfight over France. With him are his sister-in-law, Mrs. Wilfrid Kingsford Smith (left), three of her children, Peter, John (back), Margaret and a family friend.



ATTRACTIVE 23 - year - old wife of Wing-Commander Rollo Kingsford Smith, D.F.C., D.S.O., with daughter Sue, now two years of age. Mrs. Kingsford Smith was formerly Miss Grace Prior.

Smithy's three nephews carry on great tradition

All noted fliers, one a prisoner of war

By VICKI ANDERSON

Among the cheering quarter of a million spectators at Mascot aerodrome when Charles Kingsford Smith stepped from the Southern Cross after his epic trans-Pacific flight in June, 1928, were three small boys.

They were Smithy's most ardent hero-worshippers, his nephews Rollo (9), Peter (11), and John (14).



THE THREE FLYING NEPHEWS of the late Air-Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford Smith —Wing-Commander Rollo (left), Squadron-Leader John, and Flight-Lieutenant Peter— photographed on Rollo's wedding day, November 23, 1940. It was the last occasion on which the boys were home together.

THIS month, at the ripe old age of 25, Rollo, a wing-commander, winner of the D.F.C. and commanding officer of the most recently formed R.A.A.F. bomber training unit in Britain, was awarded an immediate D.S.O.

Peter, after distinguished service as a flight-lieutenant with the R.A.A.F. in England, was shot down over Europe last year, and is now a prisoner of war in Germany.

John, an outstanding pilot in civil aviation before the war, is now squadron-leader of an operational unit in the North.

It is to be hoped that the scene of the three boys at the aerodrome will be included in the film now being made in Australia of the life of the late Air-Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford Smith.

They are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Kingsford Smith, of Neutral Bay.

A brother of "Smithy," Mr. Wilfrid Kingsford Smith figured prominently in pre-war civil aviation, originating many inter-city airmail services, including that from Sydney to Broken Hill.

Youngest of these flying nephews, Wing-Commander Rollo Kingsford Smith, was until recently the youngest wing-commander in Allied operational command in England.

That the influence of his uncle is ever present is revealed in his only comment on his decorations:

"I guess the old boy would approve."

In an interview with Rollo's pretty 23-year-old wife at Mosman, I learned that this brilliant young wing-commander finds his greatest excitement not in flying, but in listening to a stranger in some obscure part of England recall the exploits of his uncle.

"Nothing can compare with the kick I get out of it," he wrote his wife.

"It's good to know the old boy is so well remembered by everyone I meet—that is everyone except the editors of that darned newspaper."

"That darned newspaper" was an English daily, which, after writing at length on Rollo's exploits, evidently got its Kingsford Smiths slightly mixed, and concluded by crediting Rollo with flying the Pacific in 1928.

"Darling," wrote Rollo to his wife just after the story was published, "I've kept something from you. I flew the Pacific when I was nine."

In his letters to his wife, always nine pages at the least, Smithy's youngest nephew is a master of understatement in references to any of his operations, now totalling 35.

"Went to do battle with the wicked Hun last night," or "We had quite a party, and, oh, yes, the plane caught on fire, but I kept my fingers crossed."

This from a young airman who is flying sometimes four operations a week, and whose citation accompanying his D.F.C. read:

"This officer is a gallant squadron-leader whose contempt for danger and outstanding ability have been well reflected in the operational efficiency of his squadron."

Shades of 1916 when 19-year-old Charles Kingsford Smith, flying a suicide crate, won the M.C. for "exceptional bravery when engaged with enemy aircraft over France."

For two weeks before the European invasion Wing-Commander Kingsford Smith's squadron was working twelve hours on with only four hours off.

Maths. honors

HIGHLIGHT of each raid was the party on the return trip home.

"Just before sighting the English coast we'd put on the automatic pilot and settle down to a spread of chocolate, orange juice, and dried fruit," Rollo wrote his wife.

As a boy, remembering his uncle's advice that to be a great flier you had to be a great mathematician, Rollo concentrated on maths. at Sydney High School, graduating with honors in the Leaving.

As a cadet at Point Cook he won his wings early in 1939. Studying navigation at Richmond, he was one of the first nine fliers to obtain a first-class navigator's certificate (certificate No. 1 is held by the famous Captain P. G. (Bill) Taylor).



BRIEFING before a raid on Berlin. Twenty-five-year-old Wing-Commander Rollo Kingsford Smith (seated) with some of his crew.

Rollo arrived in England in May, 1943, and later led the first Australian Lancaster squadron on a Berlin raid.

News of his immediate award of the D.F.C. was given him in the officers' mess by the Prime Minister (Mr. Curtin) during his visit to England in April.

Rollo's wife, who was formerly Miss Grace Prior, of Mosman, still regards her tenth birthday as one of the most important days of her life, for it was the day Charles Kingsford Smith was married.

"I was thrilled as could be, little realising that one day I would become a member of the family," she said.

They have a two-year-old daughter, Sue.

Rollo's brother Peter, who was in the Militia, joined the Air Force in 1940, and later left for overseas.

During a hazardous convoy crossing from Canada to England, when the ship in which he was travelling was attacked by planes, he took charge of the ship's anti-aircraft guns.

Reported missing on a raid over Europe in February last year, he was not captured until four months later.

The story of how he was kept in hiding by Allied sympathisers during those months is probably as dramatic as any to be told after the war.

First news Mrs. Wilfrid Kingsford Smith received of her son after he had been reported missing was a cable from an Englishwoman: Mrs. H. Nicholls, of Moss Lane, Pinner, who has proved a splendid friend to hundreds of young Australian airmen in England.

"The cable stating that Peter was safe was a tremendous relief to us after all those anxious months of not knowing whether he was dead or alive," Mrs. Wilfrid Kingsford Smith said.

"Mrs. Nicholls deserves a medal for the wonderful job she is doing. Since Rollo first spent a leave at her home a year ago, she has thrown open her home to more than 500 lonely young Australian airmen.

"The boys and their families back home, with whom she keeps in touch, are very grateful to her."

The third of these flying brothers, John, now a squadron-leader of an operational unit in the North, early in 1937 established a high-altitude record for light aircraft.

Permission is being sought for John to be released from the Air Force to fly aircraft for the film of Kingsford Smith's life.

This film, which will be the most expensive ever made in Australia, is being backed by Columbia Pictures and produced by the managing director of Columbia Pictures Pty. Ltd. in Australia (Mr. N. P. Perry).

Director Mr. Ken G. Hall says that he has discovered eight prospects for the part of Smithy, and more than 20 applicants who bear remarkable resemblances to the great airman.

Smithy's former wireless operator, John Stannage, will appear in the film.

Liaison officer

SQUADRON-LEADER Bill Chaseling, another old friend of the airman's, will act as liaison officer between the R.A.A.F. and Cinesound.

Smithy's wife, Mary (now Mrs. Alan Tully), who will also be represented in the film, is now living at Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A., with her son Charles, and a daughter by her second marriage, Belinda.

A recent letter to the family said that "Charles II" had just gone into his first pair of long pants.

Although scenario writers are juggling now with enough material for three pictures of Smithy's colorful life, hundreds of friends and acquaintances of Smithy continue to flood the studio with little-known anecdotes and sidelights on his career.

His family, all of whom will be represented in the film, are hoping that this particular favorite one will be included in the scenario:

The central figures are Charles and his mother, who died three weeks after all hope had been abandoned for her son, lost off Burma while attempting a record flight from England to Australia in 1935.

The scene was Mascot aerodrome, June, 1928, with the cheering thousands and Charles (or "Chilla," as his adored and adoring "Nan" always called him) rushing to greet her after his harrowing nine-day flight from San Francisco.

Taking one look at the nation's idol, with his grease-stained face and flying-suit, she gasped: "Chilla, you dirty little monkey. Go straight home and have a bath."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725761

All-Australian Mosquito Squadron



R.A.A.F. SQUADRON is flying Mosquito fighter-bombers over Europe. P/O. H. ("Tony") Tuck, Coogee, N.S.W., relaxes between operations in the crew-room at his station.



WATCHING COLLEAGUES RETURN to their base in Britain. L. to R.: LAC G. Frossart, N.S.W.; LAC R. Friend, Dowerin, W.A.; Cpl. V. Winckel, Port Neill, S.A.



BACK FROM A BEAT-UP. Sgt. T. H. Gibbons, Norfolk Is. (left), Sgt. Les Brodie (Sydney), photographed beside their machine.



READY TO TAKE OFF on another attack. Flight-Lieut. A. I. Ritchie, D.F.C. (South Melb.), and navigator, Flight-Lieut. R. E. Sampson, Cambridge, N.Z.



WORLD'S FASTEST AIRCRAFT, a Mosquito fighter-bomber, just in from operations, undergoes a thorough overhaul from the ground crew. This R.A.A.F. squadron has been in the forefront of the devastating Allied air attacks on targets in enemy-occupied territory and in Germany. Photos from De Havilland Aircraft Pty., Ltd.



ENLISTED TOGETHER, nicknamed heavenly twins, F/O. B. W. Klemm (left) and P/O. W. Kirk (both of Brisbane). P/O. Kirk has since been posted missing, believed killed.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725762

Continuing . . . Lady Without Escort

from page 3

AT least, Caroline reminded herself, Albert had been useful. Here she was, at Maureen's door, with an escort provided by herself—for herself. She wouldn't be the odd girl at the table, the odd girl when they danced, the odd girl who had to find her own way home.

The flat door was open. Albert glanced about him appreciatively while Caroline shed her coat.

"Classy," he commented, "that's what it is—classy."

Caroline tucked her hand through his arm and assumed an expression of unbounded delight in his charms. They sailed dramatically into the lounge, where Maureen and her guests were grouped round the sherry decanter.

"Hullo, there!" Caroline sang out gaily, "darling, I knew you wouldn't mind, so I've brought a friend along—this is Mr. Albert Sedgeley——"

"Why, I'm delighted!" Maureen advanced with outstretched arm, pleasure and surprise mingled in her face. Then, for one split second, while Albert pommelled her hand heartily up and down, her smile of welcome wavered and turned to bewilderment. But it was only for a second. Maureen's poise was unshakable.

It was then that Caroline saw—him. He was standing next to Edna by the fireplace. Tall, broad-shouldered, eyes blue and impudent, casually at ease in the dark blue of the Navy. He was—exactly—the sort of man Caroline used to dream about—before she gave up dreaming.

"This is Roger Caverick," Edna announced, "an old friend of Alan's." Then, bestowing a "there, now it's up to you" glance at Caroline, she tactfully moved away.

He looked across at Caroline with a heart-disturbing grin. "So you're Caroline. I've heard such a lot about you from Edna!"

She quailed. "Oh—have you?"

"Yes." He obviously wasn't giving anything away. In the silence that followed he glanced across at Albert, already settled in the best armchair and blowing poisonous cigar fumes into Alan's fascinated face.

It was then that Charlie chose to ask Albert, "Funny Caroline's never mentioned you. Have you known each other long?"

Albert didn't wink at Caroline, but a wink would have been fifty times more subtle than the smug smile that spread across his face. "Well, yes and no, if you get me. We run round together—we certainly do. Say, it was pretty romantic the way we met, I'll say. We kinda picked each other——"

"Can I help with the dinner?" Caroline cut in hastily.

"Why, yes, dear, the soup's nearly ready." Maureen looked at her husband and raised a significant eyebrow. Charlie burst nobly into a long discourse on his fireguard plan, and Caroline escaped into the kitchen. An outraged Edna pursued her there.

"Why didn't you warn me?" Edna demanded. "Here I've found the nicest bachelor in circulation, and you turn up with that awful little worm. I'd planned everything so beautifully and swore Maureen to secrecy—quite the nicest man I've ever found for you, and heaven knows, I've tried. You've never brought a man of your own before—never."

"No," Caroline said bitterly. "I know I haven't—and this had to be the one time I did."

Maureen was frowning over the stove. "If I cut a chop in half and throw in a rasher or two I think we can—where did you find him, darling?"

Caroline swallowed.

"I—I p-picked Albert up in Victoria, in the Rest and Social Centre for Lonely Soldiers where I work."

"Well!" Edna spluttered.

"Stop nagging the girl," Maureen said gently, "we shall just have to make the best of him during the party and look on the bright side."

"The bright side?" Edna gasped. "She's ruined everything, everything, everything. Roger will never give her a second thought with Albert clamped to her side all evening. I tell you, she's——"

Caroline paused by the door with the soup tureen in her hands.

"You don't have to tell me," she wailed, "I know."

By the time they had reached the coffee stage, Caroline looked as though she had been up all night. Her nose shone and her hair was rumpled, but she hadn't time to rectify such matters. She was far too busy coping with Albert. Having brought him to the party she felt it was her personal responsibility to keep him under reasonable control, and it was difficult—in fact, it was well-nigh impossible.

Albert turned out to be one of the life-and-soul-of-the-party clan. He was having the time of his life. Albert overpoured; anecdotes whispered into the men's startled ears and accompanied by hearty guffaws, snatches of song from his favorite films flung tunelessly across the table at Edna, who for once in her life was speechless and stared at him as though he were something unidentifiable from the zoo. He also suffered from a persistent desire to explain, in detail, the circumstances in which he had come into Caroline's life.

The entire meal was a nightmare.

As for Roger Caverick! Not one solitary word did he speak to Caroline—not one. Not that anybody had much chance to talk, with Albert rattling away like an electric non-stop gramophone. Still, Caroline thought bitterly, if Roger had wanted to speak to her, at least he could have tried. Now and again she met his eyes fixed on her, but whether they were amused or scornful or merely indifferent she didn't know. What she did know was that her heart kept giving the most painful lurches in Roger's direction.

Suddenly, after dinner, it looked as though Fate had relented. For Charlie suggested that they dance to the wireless. Charlie asked Edna to dance. Albert asked his hostess to dance. Caroline's hopes soared like a swallow. Two more tunes, she calculated, and she would be dancing with Roger—he wouldn't be able to help it—the laws of polite society being as they were.

The wireless announced that the next dance would be "As Time Goes By." Roger Caverick advanced politely toward Caroline. And at that precise moment Albert said cheerfully: "That reminds me—time does go by, ha-ha! And I've got a train to catch——"

"Oh, must you go?" Maureen murmured, trying to suppress the obvious relief in her voice. "What a shame——"

"Fraid so, lady." Albert commenced his hand-pumping. He looked possessively at Caroline. "Get your coat on, toots."

"Oh——" Caroline gasped.

"Darling," Edna stepped forward quickly, "couldn't you stay? I'm sure Mr. Sedgeley wouldn't mind if——"

Albert stared and became truculent. "But I do mind, see? When a girl asks you to take her to a party—well, a feller don't like being ditched, see?"

There was an awkward pause. Caroline looked helplessly at Roger—and then she went crimson. He was laughing at her, actually laughing! "Well?" he inquired lightly, "what does the lady do?"

The conceit of the man, Caroline thought furiously. She smiled at him, sweetly, and laid a soothing hand on Albert's arm. "What does the lady do? She leaves with the escort she came with, of course!"

Caroline went with Albert to the station. By now she was indulging a morbid desire to see the whole beastly thing through to its miserable end. She even told Albert that she would miss him.

"I expect you will," he agreed complacently.

Caroline went home feeling utterly wretched. Then as the next day wore on, pangs of conscience were mingling with her misery, and in the evening she presented herself again at the Rest and Social Centre.

"THIS is nice!" Miss Haskell said, with the merest shade of reproach in her voice. "I wondered what had happened to you—just working here one night and then——"

"I've been looking after a sick friend," Caroline said shortly, "but you'll see plenty of me now—I've all the time in the world——"

She put on the sprightly chintz overall and installed herself behind the counter. The lounge contained its usual collection of elderly sergeants writing home to their wives, and dispirited corporals nibbling Miss Haskell's unpalatable buns. This is me, Caroline thought. Good Works, Canteens, Welfare. Later on I shall even go in for Bazaars.

"Hi-ya, toots! Cup of coffee and a bun, please."

Caroline looked up into Roger Caverick's solemn face. "What on earth are you doing here?" she stammered.

"Looking for a girl—assisted by information from Maureen and Edna. You see, I'm intrigued."

"Intrigued?"

"Yes, very. Intrigued about a girl who was sport enough to stick to a man like Albert at the party."

"Oh," Caroline said, and went pleasantly pink about the ears. "Look," she began, "I must explain about that. I really behaved very badly to poor Albert——"

"One couldn't behave too badly to poor Albert," Roger assured her. "But I hope this isn't a habit of yours—picking up strange men in strange places——"

"I'll never do it again!" Caroline protested. "Never!"

"Well—once more wouldn't hurt," Roger Caverick leaned on the counter casually. "Are you doing anything to-morrow night, miss? And the night after that, and all other nights? I like you, miss—you're a fast worker!"

Caroline laughed. "I think you're a fast worker, too!"

.

Late that night Edna telephoned. "Well, dear?" she asked anxiously. And this time Caroline answered: "Yes, dear. Oh—yes."

(Copyright)

THAT GENIAL GENIUS OF RADIO QUIZ...



Jack Davey

A dozen laughs a minute . . .
and JACK DAVEY.

Favourite Quizzes, including
"Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral."

Friday, 8-30 P.M. 2GB

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

What's on your mind?

Divorce

DIVORCE is not so easily obtained as some folk think.

If it were, we would all be better off and our homes much happier. Wives would consider their husbands more.

It should be just as easy to get a divorce as it is to get married. As it is, some wives, knowing how hard it is to obtain freedom, nag their husbands.

When a woman sets out to rope herself a man she acts like a saint. As soon as her man is roped she may turn into a devil.

Divorce would make life happier for the children of unhappy marriages.

Where there are only the ties of marriage there can be no happiness. It is the feeling that a husband and wife have for each other that counts.

If they care for each other their homes are always happy, and if they don't care for each other, why should the law hold them together to spoil both their own and their family's lives?

—M. Towns.

Bonshaw, N.S.W.

* * *

AS an advocate for fairer divorce laws, I wonder if L. Kurman (July 29) and others with similar ideas would hold these views if they should find themselves in the same predicament as those they disparage for obtaining freedom through divorce?

Where is our much-vaunted liberty when such people would bind us all within the narrow limits of their own experiences?

Furthermore, why enforce the devilish bond of a legal separation?

Strangely enough, the wife is most often the offender in these dilemmas. Is she then, as L. K. suggests, to pay maintenance?

Pardon my mirth!

—Justice.

Yankalilla, S.A.

Training for marriage

HOW can girls be expected to become good domesticated wives and mothers when they are taught at school such useless subjects as algebra and geometry?

The necessary subjects for girls should include cooking and sewing and a knowledge of child welfare.

That should be included in home training you might say, but this is a lot to expect when girls come home from school at 4 o'clock, and later.

—"Young Hopeful."

Byron Bay, N.S.W.

After the war

THOSE of us who have the patience to go quietly after the war, and not rush to restore our depleted stocks of linen, china, household gadgets, and electric help will come out best in the long run.

After the initial wave of spending, things will quieten, and no doubt prices will become steadier.

Then after a lapse of time, when the necessary machinery has been installed, lessons learned in the hard school of war will be put to practical use in domestic economy, and improved and more durable articles will result.

Those who lose their heads in the first scramble, and buy wildly, will find themselves with stuff which they cannot afford to replace, but which is rapidly being outdated by more efficient designs.

So let us all take for our motto in those glad and not-so-distant days, "Hasten slowly." We won't regret it.

—Joanna.

Gosford, N.S.W.

Stockings

IT is a shame that in a country like Australia, with its huge crop of wool each year, a woman cannot purchase anywhere a pair of woollen stockings.

Wool is an essential article of clothing for rheumatic people, and for elderly or delicate women.

—One of Them.

Turramurra, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 13. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but preference will be given to letters with which full signatures can be published.

The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Pay for wives

ISN'T it time we made laws befitting the year 1944 in place of laws framed in the barbaric Middle Ages?

Women should get together to bring about a more sensible law as regards the family purse.

In a recent case in the British Isles it was declared that the money a woman had saved from her housekeeping allowance, and had banked in her own name, belonged legally to her husband.

In a similar case Hubby went off (aged sixty) with a girl aged nine-



teen. But before eloping he claimed and obtained the money his wife had saved while working for him as an unpaid housekeeper.

Recently in Australia a body of women agitated that all housewives should be granted by the Government a weekly sum, on lines similar to old-age and invalid pensions.

Whether this scheme will ever become reality remains to be seen.

Meantime we women should strive to obtain by law at least a proportion of hubby's pay-envelope for ourselves.

In many a home youngsters have more financial independence than the mother, wife, and housekeeper combined.

—Mrs. E. G. Swan.

Fernberg Rd., Upper Paddington, Brisbane.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725763

As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THE influences of the stars this week will be extremely varied, and, on the whole, fortunate and helpful, especially for Capricornians, Virgoans, and Taurians.

Scorpions and Arians should have some good days, and September 5 should be pleasing for Leonians.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): September 4 (after midday) poor. September 5 can be important; (early) good; (midday) very good; (to 2 p.m.) poor; (to sunset) good.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): A confusing week, be wise and diligent. August 29 (morning to sunset) poor; (afternoon) good. August 30 (early) poor; (midday) fair; (late) good. August 31 (early) good; (to noon) fair. September 3 very tricky. September 4 poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Difficulties, delays, and upsets prevail, so be careful. Avoid all changes, especially on September 3, 4, and parts of 5.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Routine best at this time. September 3 (early afternoon and mid-evening) helpful.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): September 4 poor. September 5 unexpected benefits possible; (early) good; (early afternoon) adverse; rest of day excellent.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Plan wisely, work well. Much success possible. August 29 (afternoon) difficult; (evening) very good. August 30 (early) poor; (evening) good; rest of day fair. August 31 early morning and late afternoon) very good. September 3 tricky. September 4 poor.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): Routine best now. August 31 (late afternoon) fair. September 1 (midday) fair. September 4 and 5 tricky.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): A week of minor possibilities: August 29 (afternoon) poor; (evening) very fair. August 30 (early) poor; (late) fair. August 31 (early) good. September 3 and 4 tricky. September 5 (until midday) poor; (later) very good.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Dodge dangers, risks, distress especially on August 29 (late), September 2, 3, and 4 all difficult. September 5 (early) difficult.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Seek promotion, gains, changes. August 29 (morning) fair; (afternoon) very poor; (evening) very good. August 30 (early) poor; (late) good; balance fair. August 31 early and between 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.) good. September 2 fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): August 31 (afternoon) fair. September 1 (midday) fair. September 5 (morning) helpful.

PISCES (February 18 to March 21): Beware of pitfalls and all changes. Be discreet and patient, especially August 29 (afternoon) and September 3 and 4 (early).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

★★★ **Lady in the Dark.** Technically speaking, this film is one of Hollywood's finest efforts. Sets and costumes, photographed in technicolor, are breath-taking. The story is sheer fantasy, and Ginger Rogers does well as the girl whose romantic life is badly entangled. Ray Milland, Jon Hall, and Warner Baxter vie for her affections. — Prince Edward; showing.

★★★ **We Dive at Dawn.** Tense drama and human comedy are skilfully interwoven in this gripping English film, which relates the adventures of a submarine crew and their search for a German battleship. John Mills is excellent, and Reginald Purdell provides deft flashes of Cockney humor, but acting honors go to Eric Portman.—Embassy; showing.

★★ **Four Jills and a Jeep.** Fox presents a bright, light-hearted film based on the factual experiences of four Hollywood stars on an entertainment tour in England and North Africa. Mistress of ceremonies Kay Francis, glamor-girl Carole Landis, comedian Martha Raye, and dancer Mitzi Mayfair give fine performances. Phil Silvers adds sparkling comedy. — Plaza; showing.

★★ **Chip Off the Old Block.** Here is a cheerful, spontaneous show with those competent young fun-makers Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan in their third co-starring film. Ann Blyth, an attractive newcomer with a fine singing voice, shares the spotlight with them this time. The light-hearted story is pepped up with a generous issue of comedy and music.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Needlework Notions

519



Cute elephant to make

This attractive elephant is available with design clearly traced ready to cut out in felt, in light or dark blue. Contrast necktie is supplied together with instructions for making-up. He is also available traced on a cotton material, in shades of green, lemon, pink, blue, natural. Contrast necktie is also supplied here with instructions for making-up. The size is 10in. standing.

In Felt: 4/11. Plus 2½d. postage.

In Cotton: 3/11. Plus 2½d. postage.

When ordering, please ask for No. 519.

520



Dainty cotton frock

It comes to you with the pattern clearly traced on a British cotton, featuring white background with floral motifs in varied shades (red predominating). This dainty little ready-to-make is washable and well-wearing.

It is a coat style, so easy for laundering purposes. Shoulder-yoke is trimmed with self-frilling. The waistline is nipped in with a few lines of shirring; sleeves are short and roomy.

Sizes: 4 to 6 years, 6/11 (6 coupons); 8 to 12 years, 7/11 (6 coupons). Plus 4½d. postage.

When ordering, please ask for No. 520.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" in the address in your State as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 489F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 1685C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 1685C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only).

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3340

F2326

F3298



PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page.

F3298.—Snappy little contrast frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide, for skirt; 2½yds. for floral top, and 1yd., 36in. wide, for collar. Pattern, 1/7.

F3340.—Beautifully designed frock for the not-so-slim. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3326.—Charming yet simply styled frilly frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide, and 3yds. frilling. Pattern, 1/7.

F2133



F2315

Fashion Frock Service



F6829



F6829.—Loveliest of nightgowns and bed-jackets for you. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds., 36in. wide, for jacket, and 4yds., 36in. wide, and 2½yds. lace, for nightgown. Pattern, 1/10.

"JUDY"

Dainty frock in flat crepe

Cut out only — ready to make at home.

Here you have such a dainty little frock for everyday wearing—or for special dates. It is most charmingly youthful, with its turn-back collar trimmed with self frilling, buttoned front, fullness over bustline, and fully gathered skirt. The sleeves are short and the shoulders well extended.

The material used is a medium-weight flat crepe in shades of royal-blue, light-blue, rose, black, navy, and also white.

Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home): 32 and 34in. bust, 45/6 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 49/11 (12 coupons). Postage 1/9½.

How to obtain **"JUDY"** in N.S.W.: Obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 2498RR, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page.

F2133.—Slacks, vest, and shirt outfit. Smart, isn't it? Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide, for slacks; 1½yds., 36in. wide, for vest; and 2½yds., 36in. wide, for blouse. Pattern, 1/10.

F2315.—Smart afternoon frock; suitable, too, for theatre or concert wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725764



ARRIVING AT CHURCH. Mr. Kenneth Bennett escorts his daughter, Sheila, with her bridesmaid, Pamela Owen, to All Saints' Church, Woollahra, for her marriage with Flight-Lieut. Robert Malloch, R.A.A.F. Sheila and Bob honeymoon at his parents' home at Wentworth Falls, then Canberra.



CONGRATULATIONS for bride and bridegroom. Mrs. Doug. Lamb congratulates Sergeant Reg. Lamb, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Pamela Wharton, at reception at White City, Rushcutters Bay, following their marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point.



WEDDING RECEPTION at Killara Golf Club. Dr. Bill Inglis and bride, formerly Ruth Aspinall, who marry at St. James', Turramurra, with Bill's mother, Mrs. Violet Inglis. Couple now honeymooning at Canberra Hotel.

On and Off Duty.

ROMANCE seems to be keynote of week's activities, so when I visit Norwegian Children's Fund shop at Margaret Jay's in Rowe Street am not surprised when I'm greeted with stories of more romance.

Mrs. Niels Storaker and Mrs. Freda Nesbitt, who run shop, tell me they're thrilled that two lovely bridal lingerie sets are purchased by two young Service girls, members of A.A.M.W.S.

First set is sold to Private Lesley Thomson, A.A.M.W.S. dental orderly at Victoria Barracks, who before recent marriage to Major Frederick Thomson, A.I.F., was Lesley Hill.

Mrs. F. A. Crago buys other set for her daughter, Lieut. Barbara Crago, A.A.M.W.S., who recently announced engagement to Flight-Lieutenant Fred Saul, R.A.A.F.

Barbara has put set away for her trousseau, as Fred is away on active service up North and no definite wedding date can be fixed until he gets leave.

• • •

NORTH SHORE line seems to be scene of many weddings recently, and one of the loveliest is Jean Saxton's when she marries Lieut. Hugh Jackson, A.I.F. Jean and Hugh's romance is culmination of scooter days friendship. Couple choose local Presbyterian Church, where Jean wears Chantilly lace debut gown previously worn when she came out at Blue Bonnets' Committee dance for Crown Street Hospital at Redleaf some years ago.

Reception held under marquee on lawn of Jean's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Saxton, of Killara.



MARRIED IN ENGLAND. Flying-Officer Bruce Ward-Smith, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Pamela Cooper, who were married recently at Claygate, Surrey, England. Bruce is only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Ward-Smith, of Ashfield. Pam's father, Flying-Officer Frederick Cooper, R.A.F., is an Australian.



OPTIMISTS' FAIR. Rev. Alan Tory and Mrs. Tory (left) purchase lovely blooms at fair at Ferguson Hall from Mrs. J. W. Leitch (centre). Proceeds for War Service and Dorcas Societies of St. Stephen's Church.

EVERYONE looking forward to seeing lovely Pat Murray, titian-haired daughter of Mr. Tom Murray, M.L.C., and Mrs. Murray, of Double Bay, when she walks down aisle of St. Mary's Cathedral with Lieut. Edwin Hamilton, U.S.N.R., this Thursday.

SHORE Chapel is chosen by Margaret Edwards, daughter of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Edwards, of Roseville, when she marries Lieut. Jim Petrie, A.I.F., on September 5. Elizabeth Morshead is to be bridesmaid, and reception will be held, I hear, at Margaret's parents' home.

EVERYONE in Armidale interested in wedding this Friday at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, when Lieut. Joan Johnstone, A.A.M.W.S., eldest daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. J. L. G. Johnstone, of Armidale, marries Major Richard Pollock, A.I.F. Bride-to-be, who is attached to 113th A.G.H. as physiotherapist, will have Private Pam Nivison, A.A.M.W.S., as bridesmaid. By the way, I hear, too, that Pam plans own wedding for October 11 with Gunner Bill Barnes, A.I.F. Pam is elder daughter of the F. W. Nivisons, of "Yatgoo," Walcha.

• • •

INTERSTATE interest when Pam Pring marries Captain Reg. Seddon, A.I.F., of Glenunga, Adelaide, at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on September 26, at 6 p.m. Pam's sister, Sheila Plater, will be matron of honor, and Gabriel Reichenbach will be best man.

• • •

ADELAIDE girls better look to their laurels as another of their eligible bachelors, Squadron-Leader Tony Jay, marries attractive Bea Metcalfe, at St. Andrew's, Roseville, on October 5. Bea is daughter of Mrs. Royes Metcalfe and the late Mr. A. Royes Metcalfe, and Tony is eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Hubert Melviee Jay, of Barton Croft, Burnside, Adelaide.

• • •

STATE Ballroom chosen by members of Australian Journalists' Association for dance this Friday in aid of canteen orders for A.J.A. members on active service.

Joyce



PLANNING MARRIAGE SOON. Sheila Tonkin (right), wearing uniform of American Navy driver, who plans marriage with Lieutenant Frank Hale, U.S. Army, at end of September, leave permitting. Sheila meets Margaret Dowling, of Walla, Coonamble, at Prince's, over lunch.



KISS FOR BRIDE. Warrant-Officer Ronald M'Donald Parr, A.I.F., kisses his bride, formerly Grace Gibson, at reception at Blue Room, Usher's Hotel, after quiet ceremony at Registrar-General's office. Bride, recently returned from America, is well known in Sydney radio circles.

Interesting People

M. ROGER MONMAYOU

. . . ambassador for France

TO establish legation at Canberra for French National Committee, M. Roger Monmayou has arrived in Australia. He has been appointed Charge d'Affaires, and is head of French Diplomatic Mission to Australia until a Minister is appointed by the Committee in Algiers. Since France fell, M. Monmayou has been working for Fighting French Movement.



DR. KATHARINE MacPHAIL

. . . helping Yugoslavs

IN charge of health service in Middle East for refugees from Yugoslavia is Scottish doctor Katharine MacPhail, graduate of Glasgow University. Dr. MacPhail's interest in Yugoslavia dates back to last war when she served there. Subsequently established model hospital on the Danube. In 1940 she was interned by Italians, but later repatriated.



MR. D. ISAACS

. . . post-war building

BRILLIANT Melbourne engineer Mr. David Isaacs has been appointed director of new Experimental Building Station now being set up in Sydney. Says essential background of work will be scientific and experimental, with close co-operation with practical building interests. Recently carried out special technical work for Allied Works Council. Was consultant to Tasmanian Government for new Hobart Bridge. Designed observation chamber used in salvaging £2,300,000 from R.M.S. Niagara.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725765

Party clothes to accent glamor . . .



• Deepest red fine wool is perfect for this stunningly simple special occasion dress. The severely plain line is relieved by a deep diagonal yoke and hip basque.

• Flatter a sylph-like figure with a suavely draped but completely unadorned frock of heavy green silk crepe, which ties in a bustle-bow at the back. With it black gloves, handbag, and saucy velvet bow for the hair.

• Pastel pink sheer wool for a dressy little suit with cleverly tucked jumper top and slender skirt. The jacket and the pancake-flat pink beret are garnished with blue grosgrain bows to match the suede gloves. (Above left.)

• A gala frock of sooty-black velvet featuring the becoming long-torso line and a delicate spotted net yoke banded with the velvet. The skirt features front fullness. Ice-blue gloves give an intriguing touch of color. (Above right.)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725766

DON'T FLIRT-



– with coughs or colds!

The simplest cold can quickly develop into serious illness. At the first sign of a cold, step into the nearest chemist or store and pay 1/9 for a bottle of Y-COUGH. Y-COUGH ends colds quickly: soothes away the cough: breaks up congestion. Don't take chances—take Y-COUGH, the safe, sure remedy which "kills colds with kindness."

TAKE

Y-COUGH
KILLS COLDS with KINDNESS
1/9 AT ALL CHEMISTS and STORES

Never from Valiant Men

SHE lit a lamp in her room. He needed no light. He sat where she had put him, on the edge of her bed, his hands dropped slackly between his knees. The blood had soaked through the clumsy bandage, and she untied it. He tried to prevent her and then gave up, surrendering his piteousness to her with a sort of humility.

"I'm sorry," he said, "to be such a mess."

But her sad little exclamation had really been for the revealed beauty of his quiet face—the composed young mouth, the fine, clear forehead where the brown hair had fallen, matted with sweat. She washed his face clean and bandaged him again.

"That's fine," he said. "It feels good—just to be clean."

"We must get a doctor—"

"Not yet. Not till the plane's safe. You must get your brother. He's a pilot. He'll know what to do. Only—don't go, for a minute. Do you mind? I don't seem to know whether I'm on my head or my heels. You sort of steady me. It's—it's the feel of you—your voice. You talk English so beautifully—so much more beautifully than we do. It sounds like poetry."

"I was at school in England. I used to read poetry aloud — even before I really understood it." A memory came to her. She quoted aloud—strangely enough as though danger and wounds were of some other life and they were sharing a quiet companionship:

"All the soul
Of man is resolution which expires
Never from valiant men till their last breath."

He gave a shy little laugh. "I'm not much for poetry. But that sounds like—like a trumpet, doesn't it?"

"Like a trumpet," she echoed, looking down at the head against her breast. For he had crumpled up against her, and she knew that he had fainted. She laid him gently back among her pillows.

In the kitchen Babette had thrust her last clean plate into its rack. She turned with a start.

"I want food," Jacquine said.

The old eyes sharpened with good-humored malice. "That's reasonable. I tell you—when one is hungry one becomes reasonable."

"It is not for me. It's for a British airman. He came down in our fields. He is badly hurt."

"Here—in this house?"

"No one heard him. No one knows—yet." She felt the heavy peasant mind begin to grind out its dangerous plodding thoughts. She said bitterly, "Don't be afraid. To-morrow you can give him up. You can tell your friends you caught him yourself. They will give you credit. But to-night he shall have peace."

"And Monsieur Paul?"

"I am going to him now."

She found him still seated at the table. He was still drinking, his eyes fixed on the empty chair opposite him. He lifted them reluctantly.

"There was a plane overhead," he said, "an English plane. I could have sworn the engine was switched off and that it must have come down almost on our heads. But I admit that I am in a state when one begins to hear and see ghosts. Our good Captain Rudrich laughed at me."

"He shouldn't have laughed."

"What's that?" He bent forward, frowning in his effort to focus his dead eyes on her. "How do you know? What has happened?" She told him and he blundered to his feet: "You're mad. Do you want to have us shot?"

"I don't know. I don't think I'd care. But they won't shoot you, Paul. They'll reward you for giving him up—as, of course, you will. His plane will be a good mark in your dossier. It's out there in our fields beyond the wood. He thinks you'll destroy it for him—because you're a pilot and a friend."

She came closer, her voice composed and low pitched. "Let him believe it. That's all I ask. I demand it, Paul. Remember, I, too, could become dangerous. But for the sake of all we once shared together, let him believe that we are still brave and loyal people."

She held him with her eyes. She would not let him go. And at last in angry despair he lurched past her and out of the room.

She followed him. In her room Babette had already set down a platter of cold scraps and a pot of real coffee that Sergeant Hildebrandt had given her. She stood at the head of the bed, her arms folded, looking down at the boy asleep under the lamplight.

"The poor boy," she said. But she turned on Jacquine with a distrust and resentment that was near hatred. "Understand me, Mam'zelle. I will not have you let him escape. They would shoot us for it. And I do not intend to be shot—for him or anything. Understand that well."

"I understand. And he will not escape."

"All the same—I shall stay here. You are not reasonable."

Babette planted herself in a stiff chair by the blacked-out window. Paul had gone over to the bed. He laid a rough hand on the young man's shoulder.

"My friend," he said drunkenly. "One must wake up and face the facts."

The boy stirred and groaned. He put his hands to his head, grappling with pain and a darkness that would not lift. Then he sat up, moving his head from side to side, trying to feel his way among them. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Paul Ronsard—late Captain Ronsard."

"Oh, yes—of course. Her brother. She promised. And are you there, too?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then I'm all right. My name's Smith." He gave his warm young chuckle. "You won't believe it. But it really is. Flight-Lieutenant Giles Smith. You're a captain, sir, so I ought to stand up and be respectful."

"That would be a mistaken effort. Besides, I said 'late captain!'"

"You mean—you're out of the

Continued from page 5

running—like me. That's tough. But I guess you did your bit, Captain Paul Ronsard. I knew that name rang a bell somewhere. Thirty-two Jerries, as I remember. Our squadron heard of it. With the kind of old crate they gave you that was a good show, sir."

"I must have been drunk." There was a faint color in the dead face. "Anyhow, it's over now."

"It's just beginning, sir," Giles said. He let the girl help him to the table. She sat beside him and fed him slowly and carefully like a child.

"You mustn't cry," he said gently—"not about me. I'm all right. I've had a good show, too. And I won't always be like this, you know. I'll learn to use my bean—just for a change. After all, I'm not dead. I thought I was going to be. But Ginger said, 'I'll put you down, you son-of-a-rotten-navigator—if it's the last thing I do.' It was the last thing, all right, poor devil."

"He chose a good spot to land," Paul remarked in his cold, dead voice. "He must have been a good pilot."

"The best——"

"Where is he?"

"Where good pilots go," Giles answered. "He got his. I wish I'd explained to him. He was pretty wild with me. We'd run into a bunch of yellow-anouts, and when we settled with them we'd lost contact. There was a lot of fog about. Ginger didn't know where we were—and I didn't. I was navigator and I couldn't tell him. I didn't want to tell him why. It might have put the wind up him. And he had his own spot of trouble. I kept on stalling—"

He put his hand over Jacquine's and held it. "Thanks. I don't seem able to eat any more. Lucky for me you found me, wasn't it? I mean that I came down among friends. I mean—because of the bus. You'll see they don't get her, won't you, sir?"

Jacquine looked up. Paul was standing in the shadow, his arms folded. His eyes met hers and were hostile and defiant. He answered automatically as though under bitter pressure. "I'll take care of it."

"Thanks. You know how one feels. It's bad enough to be out of the game oneself. But the idea of those dirty hands on a clean, decent machine—"

Paul interrupted. "What is she—?"

"A Bolton two-seater fighter. Something new. A sweetheart. Four hundred miles an hour and easy as a bird on the turn."

"What was the show?"

"Escorting bombers. They must be over Berlin by now—"

"It's stupid," Paul said coldly, "to tell lies that no one can believe. They couldn't reach Berlin."

"That's what the Jerries said. Goering had told them. Ask them what's left of the Brandenburger Tor—"

Babette had turned her head like an old hunting dog that has heard game rustling through tall grass.

"What's that he said?"

"That they bombed Berlin," Jacquine translated. "That they're bombing it now—"

Paul ran his tongue over his dry lips.

"You haven't the machines," he said. "You have to break off every fight and run for it. They say it's just a matter of time."

"Right. Our time. Just give us a little more of it. Did they tell you about the fifteenth of September? That was their big day—and ours. Do you know how many they sent over? Five hundred. They came in two waves. And we met them over the Channel—over Kent and Surrey—over London. We fought them from Big Ben to Dungeness. 'Achtung—Spitzfeuer!' I heard 'em shout to each other. A hundred and eighty of 'em we brought down that day. Didn't you know?"

"I was taken prisoner," Paul said.

"Too bad you didn't know about it, sir. It would have cheered you up—"

The young voice went on, steady and confident. To Jacquine it was as though somewhere in the depths of the old house a secret dynamo had begun to throb.

The boy had kept his hand on hers. He turned his face to her.

"You don't mind, do you—I mean, my holding on to you? I like to feel you there. I feel as though I were getting to know you through your hand—and through your voice. It's a lovely voice. You must be lovely."

He broke off. There had been a sound of footsteps overhead, heavy, ominous footsteps. "What's that?" he asked. "Who is it?"

"Captain Rudrich."

"A German?"

"He commands this district."

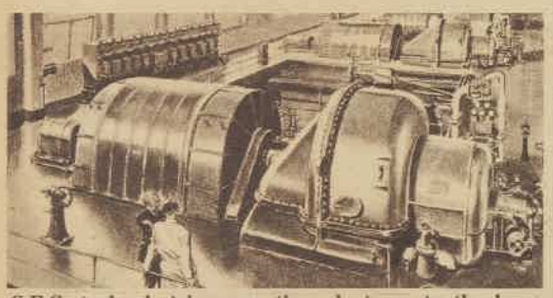
"In your house—? That must be hard to put up with. He—he doesn't worry you, does he?"

"Oh no—not yet."

Please turn to page 23

G.E.C.

— in war — as in peace — at the service of the Empire



G.E.C. turbo-electric generating plant, up to the large units required for modern utilities and industrial power stations, has long been specified by power engineers at home and overseas.

At the moment the vast production of electrical equipment, the entire research and technical resources of The G.E.C.—the largest British electrical manufacturing organisation in the Empire—is being directed to the war effort.

When peace comes, however, the great technical advances in all applications of electricity, particularly in electronics, made necessary by the urgent and ever-changing problems of war, will be made available by The G.E.C. for normal trade and peacetime reconstruction throughout the world.

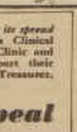
G&C
ELECTRIFICATION SCHEMES include all industries: Aircraft; Chemicals; Collieries; Food; Mining; Smelting; Locomotive and Wagon Works; Motor Car Works; Ships and Shipyards; Textile and other Mills; Oil Fields; Refineries, etc., etc.

G&C Always in the forefront of Electrical Progress

British General Electric Co. Pty. Ltd.

Sole Australian Representative of The G&C of England.

Sydney . . . Newcastle . . . Melbourne . . . Perth . . . Hobart and Launceston . . . Brisbane: British General Electric Co. (Qld.) Pty., Ltd. Adelaide: A. G. Healing Ltd.



Tuberculosis strikes at the very vitals of our nation. But its spread can be checked! The Anti-T.B. Association provides Clinical treatment, but needs your help in building a Modern Clinic and providing Mobile Service to Country Districts. Support their £50,000 Appeal — send donations now to the Honorary Treasurer, Anti-T.B. Appeal, 33 Macquarie Place, Sydney.

The Anti-T.B. £50,000 Appeal

Even Bunny likes a bath . . . if it's with PEARS SOAP



You take no chances with Baby's rose-petal skin when you use Pears Soap. Just hold a tablet up to the light! You can look right into its heart and see the purity. Mild and mellow, a soap you can really trust.

Ps.22.27

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725767

Gay night-blooming hats...



A FESTIVE SNOOD of yellow silk crepe and red crocheted yarn, blithely garnished with yellow felt narcissus and green leaves.



YOUTHFUL bonnet of blue straw cloth. Pompons of ravelled fabric balance the smooth-brow contour.



ANCHOR A wired corsage of your favorite spring flowers on a well-fitted skull cap. Each gala occasion may be celebrated with a different flower combination.

Never from Valiant Men

SHE saw a fine sweat break out over his upper lip. She glanced away from him to Paul, standing in the shadow. He looked ravaged, like a man dying from a small, deep wound.

"What hurts"—the boy muttered—"is being helpless—not to fight again—to be one man less. You and I, sir—that makes two of us."

"I'll see about your plane," Paul said.

He had moved toward the door. He was going to Rudrich to make an end.

"But you'll need petrol," Giles said. "You can't tear her to pieces. She's got to burn."

Babette stood beside him. She laid her gnarled hand on his shoulder. "What is it?" she said. "What do you want, lad?"

His free hand groped and clung to her. "We want petrol, Madame," he said in his schoolboy French.

"Bleriot has petrol," she said. "He would give it to me"—she was looking at Paul—"if I told him about Berlin."

Paul threw back his head. He made a gesture of command. He pointed overhead. He said silently, "Warn Rudrich. Get it over." Babette stared back at him, her face brooding and sullen. But she went out. Jacquine waited for the sound of her step on the stairs overhead and for voices overhead. Somewhere an outer door opened and closed softly. Then there was silence.

"You'd better take me with you," Giles said. "They'll think I did it. Then you won't get into trouble. You'd get into a peck of trouble—"

"That's all right," Paul said.

He was listening, too. Something unexpected had happened. Babette hadn't gone to Rudrich. She'd gone to Bleriot. She said, "If I told him about Berlin——"

"That's enough," Paul broke out wildly, "that's enough heroics." A torrent of furious, panic-stricken protest flowed from him—the foul tide of defeat and shame. "Why should we help you? Every man and woman in this town would curse us. Go and bomb your cities. It's not our business. Don't you understand? We're finished. We're beaten. We've thrown in our hand. Leave us alone, can't you? Leave us in peace—"

Giles Smith had scrambled to his feet, half turned toward the subdued yet frantic voice. "What peace?" he asked.

Paul did not answer. Jacquine heard his heavy breathing. Then he spoke to her. She guessed with what pity he would have looked at her. "So that was why you were crying—for him." He stood quiet—thinking, feeling his way. She saw his mouth set in a straight line. "How late is it?" he asked.

"Midnight."

"So you've got two hours at least. You can make it, Ronsard . . ." He added softly—"both of you."

"I—I don't know what you mean."

"Yes—you do. You're a great flier. You can fly anything; it's your job. You can't let down on it. How big is the field where I landed?"

Continued from page 22

"A hundred yards or so."

"The old bus takes off like a bird." He was trembling with excitement "You're mad."

"It's the sanest thing I ever thought of. It's your chance. You're a sick man now, but you'll get well once you're up there in the good air again. But I'm out. I'll never fly again. So I don't matter. What matters is getting on with the job—you or I—it doesn't matter which—"

The death mask was showing color in its cheeks. Old, banked-down fires glowed in the sunken eyes. In the low murmur of their voices was the ring of metal.

"We can't leave you," the girl murmured.

"You've got to. You mustn't overload the bus. They'd take it out on you if you stayed. And I couldn't stand for that. They have to treat me decently. And I'm tough. One of these days you'll be waiting for me at Victoria Station. And I'll stand there—listening for you. I'll say to myself, 'There she is — the loveliest voice in the whole world.'"

.

They had laid his friend, like a quiet sleeper, under the trees. It was still dark. But they could feel the light hovering below the horizon. Bleriot had brought his blacked-out rattle-trap across the fields. Now he was piling out his battered petrol cans from beneath their covering.

"If they shoot me for this," he said, grinning, "I don't care."

Giles Smith stood a little apart with Jacquine. His white bandage seemed to shine with a light of its own. The two men turned to him for orders.

"You'll get the feel of her straight away, Ronsard. My map must be in a bit of a mess. But you'll make out my home port and they'll light you down. Tell 'em, won't you?—I'm O.K. And my mother—she'll love you both."

"She ought to hate us."

"Not she. She'll understand. She's a good egg." He gave his little chuckle. "That's English for loving her a lot." He groped for Jacquine's hand and suddenly shyly lifted it to his lips and suddenly kissed it.

Old Bleriot wiped his hands on the seat of his trousers and helped Jacquine into the rear cockpit.

"Babette sent her love. She would have come along, but I said we had trouble enough. Good luck, my friends. Bomb Berlin for old Bleriot, mon Capitaine. Perhaps his ghost will fly by the side of you."

The plane quivered—roared into triumphant life. Jacquine looked down. The earth was falling beneath her. The light seemed to have come up suddenly. They were flying into it—into the morning. In the air was the roar and throb of a thousand invisible planes, welcoming them, bringing them home. And she imagined that she could still see a tall slim shadow, waiting in the darkness for her to find him.

(Copyright)



Skin Deep.

ALL-PURPOSE SKIN CREAM

This Advertisement will catch the eager eye of thousands of women who have learned to love the caressing touch of this irreplaceable beauty care, with its soothing magic for dry and tired skin.

★ **The makers announce with great regret, however, that rather than alter the unique quality of Skin Deep, manufacture has been temporarily discontinued under war conditions.**



J. & E. ATKINSON PTY. LTD.
LONDON & SYDNEY

A.15.32

KNITTING BOOK NO.176

312

This book is now available, featuring eleven designs, including three frocks—Price 6d., Posted 7½d. Address enquiries to Dept. 3



PATONS & BALDWINS LIMITED

MELBOURNE BRANCH 84-94 Flinders Lane

SYDNEY BRANCH 181 Clarence Street

OVO YOUR EGGS

No more egg shortages! Have eggs—and plenty of them your round by preserving with OVO, the pioneer preparation. Proved for 50 years. Ask your Grocer.

THE SAFE EGG PRESERVATIVE

BUY LESS...BUY THE BEST



Buy War Savings Certificates

Spend warily, spend wisely these days of wartime restrictions. When you have to replace your household linens, be sure and buy Horrockses. In spite of war standards, Horrockses are still the best and most durable of all.

And remember, when peace returns, *all* the Horrockses lines will come back. There's nothing to beat Horrockses for value.

Horrockses REGD.

Sheets & Pillowcases

MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725768



. . . A study by Oil Technologists who are learning more about heat dissipation—energy of adhesion—the oiliness of oil! Oil is not made by any loose mechanical process. It is the result of exacting research—extensive experiments—gruelling trials!

The extra performance being built into to-morrow's motors must be safely and surely protected with margins to spare—a job the Oil industry is doing for the progress of this mechanical age.

Atlantic affiliates are world leaders in advanced refining methods. For quality—trust Atlantic!

ATLANTIC PRODUCTS

for Transport, Industry, Agriculture

AU10

ATLANTIC UNION OIL COMPANY LIMITED (Incorporated in Australia)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725769

LOVELY HOME...

where our boys spend their leave

● Already over 1000 days of leave have been spent by our Air Force and Army lads at Denham Mount, Bucks, the 18th Century English home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burley.

THIS home from home for many of our servicemen serving in Britain and France is set in 44 acres of fine farm land.

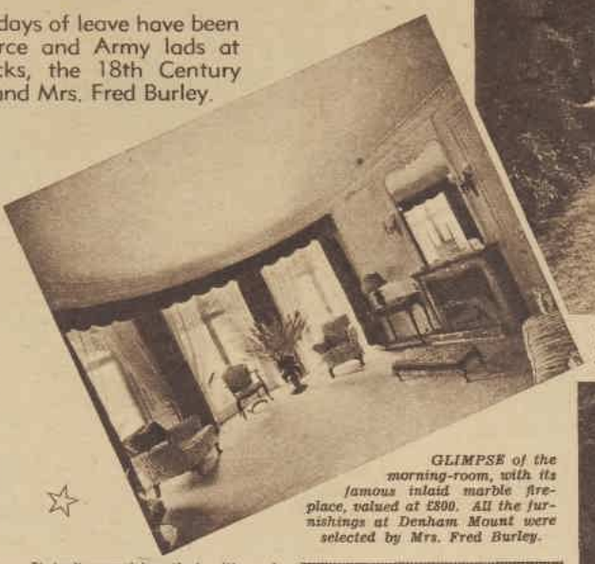
Denham Mount is only 18 miles from London by road, and up to the present has escaped the bomb menace.

A fine example of an 18th century Adam house, it is quite close to the famous Denham Film Studios. Incidentally, Noel Coward has utilised many of the exteriors and interiors for his film "Blythe Spirit," which, of course, will eventually find its way to Australia.

The morning-room, portion of which is illustrated on this page, is considered the best example of the famous architect's feeling for design and balance. The Adam fireplace of inlaid marble (see photo) is valued at £800.

From this room one gets a view of Denham Lake, specially bordered with water-lilies, crocuses, and typical lakeside flowers. The carp in this pool, put down in the last century, are over 100 years old, and, unlike Australian carp, don't lose their golden-red color.

Thirty-five acres of this property are now being farmed. The other nine have been turned into a Victory garden which produces food, not only for the Burley household itself but for the surrounding village shops. Because of this, the family are allowed four gardeners.



GLIMPSE of the morning-room, with its famous inlaid marble fireplace, valued at £800. All the furnishings at Denham Mount were selected by Mrs. Fred Burley.

It isn't surprising that with such a background romance results. It was from here that the dashing Free French Commando, Comte de Montlaur, left to marry Miss Adelaide Oates, a charming American girl whom he'd first met in Paris in the good old days when she was at finishing-school. The Comte is now in Normandy, and his petite wife doing a war job with the Americans in London.

Mrs. Burley keeps a log-book of servicemen, which includes signatures of many Australians who have been decorated during the war.



THE ROSE-GARDEN, one of the beautiful spots surrounding the English home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burley. Imagine the glory of this section in early summer . . . what a haven for our lads when on leave.



A VIEW of the lovely old home from Denham Lake. Since this picture was taken, the land has been ploughed and is producing fine vegetables.

MALARIA MASTERED

"MY son is on leave from New Guinea. He's been given a packet of yellow tablets to take while he's home. Is it important that he should take them?"

"Not only is it important, Mrs. Grey. He runs the risk of sudden death if he doesn't," I assured her.

There are two kinds of malaria that can be acquired in New Guinea. One is called benign and the other malignant. The benign type is not so dangerous, but there is a tendency for it to relapse.

The malignant type can kill swiftly, as it affects the brain.

In both types of malaria, fever can be prevented by taking the yellow tablet every day according to instructions.

By MEDICO

Millions of yellow tablets have been taken in New Guinea over the past three years, and there is no evidence that they have caused any effect on health, apart from that beneficial effect by protecting against malaria.

They are perfectly safe and harmless to the body. They may cause a yellow staining of the skin, but that disappears in time.

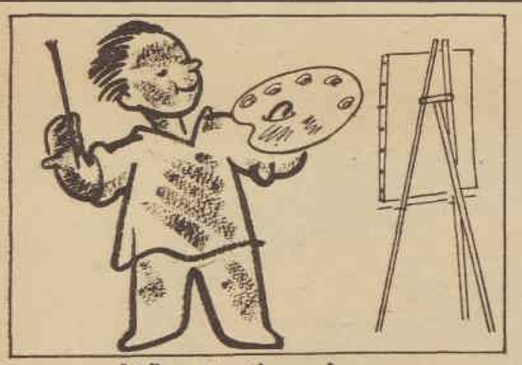
In New Guinea, the yellow tinge is called a badge of safety.

Thanks to this yellow tablet, and its skilled use by the Army Medical Services, malaria in our soldiers has caused fewer deaths per thousand cases than has ever been previously recorded in the world.

This little yellow tablet is a passport to safety. It is best taken with breakfast. If continued it will cure malignant malaria in every case, and neither form of malaria will develop while it is being taken every day.

With thousands of our soldiers and airmen returning from malarial areas, the most valuable contribution to their health we can make is to see that they take their tablets regularly.

Ask your son or your husband what his instructions are, and put a tablet beside his plate at breakfast. See that he takes the tablet.



What's the dope on GUARDIAN SOAP?



It makes you "the picture of cleanliness"!

FEEL like a million, look like a million! Take a cake of this wonder soap and sluice yourself all-over! It slicks you up, chases cobwebs far away. Guardian's a real clean-smelling health soap and there's nothing namby-pamby about it.



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. Gu.81.26

For COUGHS COLDS & INFLUENZA

WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT CURE

FAMED FOR 'Quality' THE WORLD OVER



ABDULLA Virginia Cigarettes

Save All You Can — Lend All You Should

A-V-93-44

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725770

How to keep your system in order



You can't expect to feel really well if you have to dose yourself up day after day to keep your system in order. Those medicines may jolt your system into action, but they don't get at the real cause of the trouble. Think of it this way.

Your trouble is most likely due to lack of "bulk" in your diet . . . the natural fibrous "bulk" which is needed to exercise the internal muscles and keeps them up to the mark.

This element of bulk is often lacking in our modern, soft foods . . . their "bulk" is cooked out of them. But you can get healthful "bulk" right back in your diet . . . you can help to keep your system functioning smoothly and naturally with Kellogg's All-Bran.

A big difference in the way you feel!

Scientists say that bran is a particularly effective form of "bulk" because it does not break down in the system and Kellogg's All-Bran is 100% bran in a delicious cereal form. All-Bran is rich in other important food factors too . . . the blood-building mineral iron and vitamin B1 which helps to keep the digestive processes in good tone.

Kellogg's All-Bran works safely and gently because it restores that missing "bulk" in your diet and stimulates the internal muscles in the way that nature intended.

Eat All-Bran regularly for a week and you should be right back to normal again. You won't need those bottles in your medicine cupboard. You'll be surprised at the difference in the way you feel.



It's easy to keep fit the All-Bran way

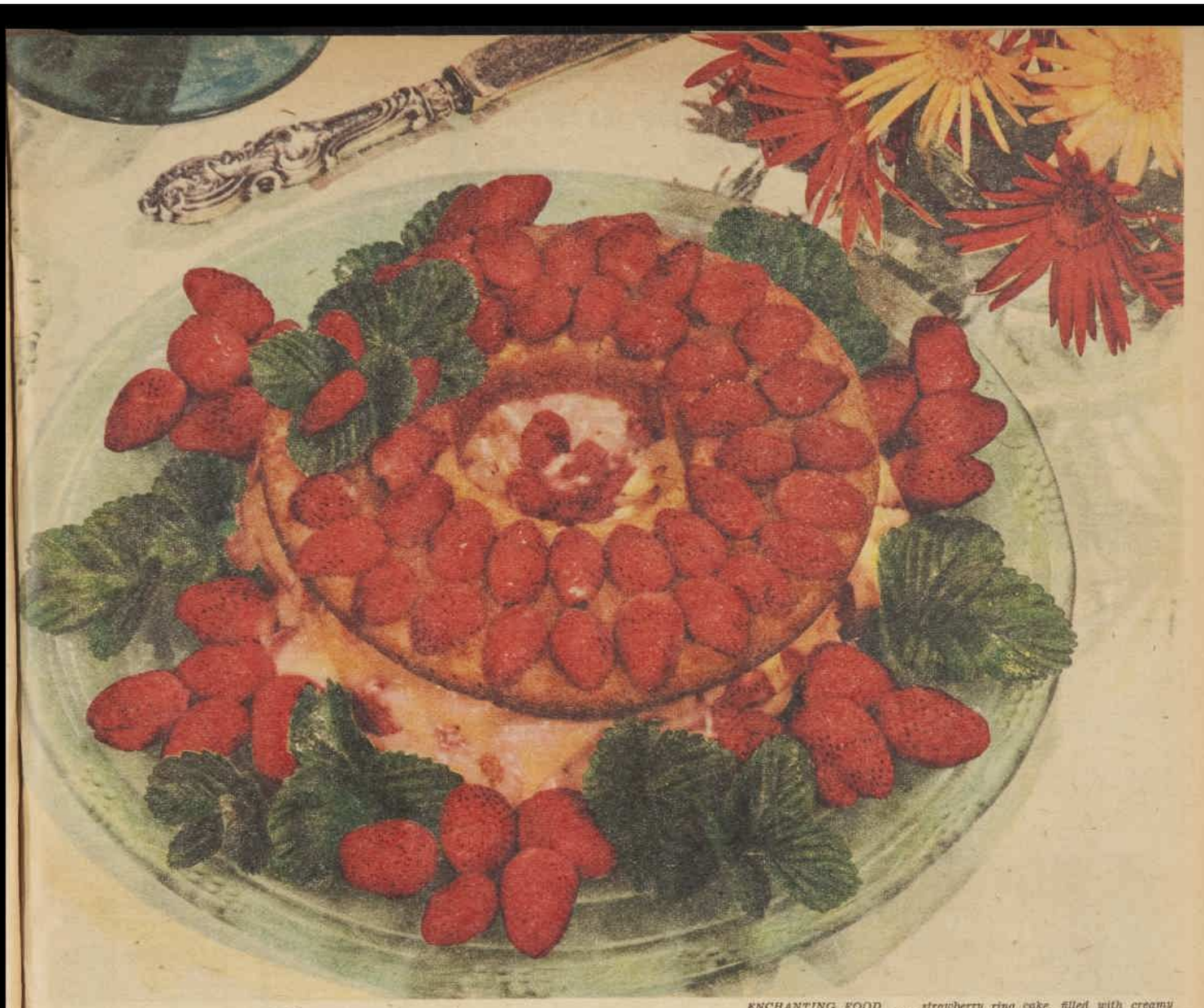
Simply eat two tablespoons of Kellogg's All-Bran first thing at breakfast every morning. Serve it straight from packet to plate and eat it with milk and sugar. A little milk will do if you let it soak well in. Or you can sprinkle it over your usual breakfast cereal or fruit. All-Bran has a nut-sweet flavour you'll enjoy . . . and remember, it puts that healthful "bulk" right back in your diet.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Made by the makers of Kellogg's Corn Flakes • Kellogg's Whole Wheat Flakes • Kellogg's Rice Bubbles • Kellogg's Whole Wheat Biscuits •

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725771



ENCHANTING FOOD . . . strawberry ring cake, filled with creamy custard, sweetened with honey, luscious with sliced berries. See recipe.

FAMILY PARTY
. . . with a flourish

● As inevitable and as charming as the flowers of spring are the occasions in the life of a family that demand celebrations. And be they big or small here's help for you.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

IT may be a wedding anniversary, or home-on-leave party, son's examination success, or daughter's engagement announcement . . . cement the ties of family love and affection round the dining-room table.

Take lots of trouble with the flowers, and wear your prettiest frock.

Remember most that, however simple the menu, its composition must be exquisite, its cooking superb, its service glamorised.

You can be pretty sure that any of the ideas on this page will add a flourish to your family party menu.

LOUISIANA STRAWBERRY RING

For Cake: Eight ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup milk.

For Topping and Filling: One punnet strawberries, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon honey.

Sift flour. Cream shortening and sugar well, add beaten eggs slowly, and lemon rind. Stir in flour alternately with milk. Cook in greased ring-tin in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 45 minutes. Heat milk, tablespoon sugar and lemon rind, first blending the cornflour with a little cold milk. Stir cornflour into heated milk and cook for ten minutes in double boiler. Beat in egg-yolks, cooking without boiling for five minutes. Whip in stiffly beaten egg-whites and honey. Add sliced berries, reserving some for decorating top of cake. Split hot cake, fill with creamy berry custard, decorate, and serve freshly prepared.

LAMB CHOPS CONCHITA

Two navel oranges, 6 lamb chops (preferably loin), 6 small frankfurt sausages, salt and pepper.

Grate rind from oranges, peel off pith and cut each into three thick slices. With sharp knife remove bones from chops and wrap each round a sausage, fastened with wooden picks. Lay orange slices in thickly greased baking-pan, place stuffed chop on each and sprinkle with salt, pepper, and grated rind. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 45 to 60 minutes, depending on size of chops. Serve with oven scalloped potatoes, browned parsnips, and green beans.

FISHBURGERS WITH SAUCE MEXICANA

Half pound flaked cooked fish (lobster or crab are delicious), 2 cups creamed potato, ½ teaspoon minced chives, ½ teaspoon grated lemon, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg, browned breadcrumbs.

Combine all ingredients except egg and crumbs, season, and shape into flat cakes, dip in beaten egg and coat with crumbs and deep-fry.

Serve with mexicana sauce made by combining 2 tablespoons tomato puree with 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ½ cup stock or water. Thicken with 1 dessertspoon flour and season with mustard, salt, and curry powder. This sauce may be combined with a sharp mayonnaise.

Menu Notes
FOR DINNER PARTY

Chicken Canberra. — Disjoint steamed chicken, heat in casserole with thin brown sauce rich with tomato puree . . . serve with sauteed corn, green peas, and little hot cheese scones.

Maryland Tart with ice-cream dollops . . . fill crisp open shortcrust with sauce of apple, banana, and lemon sweetened with honey . . . Serve hot or cold with ice-cream.

Party Grill of short loin chops served on hot rings of pineapple . . . for special show-off menu, serve also slices of kidney skewered with mushroom and grilled.

Iced Mocha Pudding with candied marmalade sauce . . . cornflour mould flavored with chocolate and coffee essence, served with sauce of marmalade heated to candy point.

Potato and Watercress Soup . . . saute sliced onion, add 1½ cups cubed potato and enough water to cook. When soft, sieve, and add 3 cups milk, heat, add 1 cup chopped cress and season.

Grilled Fish with mock Hollandaise . . . trout, whiting, or garfish. Brush with butter, oil, or bacon dripping and turn once . . . true hollandaise is out for duration, so heat boiled salad-dressing, add lemon juice in good measure, and spot of tarragon if in the herb garden.

Rolled Shoulder of Lamb, stuffed with poultry stuffing and tiny chunks of pineapple . . . serve with mint sauce spiced with pineapple juice.

Continued on page 28



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725772

Handiest thing in the house



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

You Can Stop That Backache

But You Must First HELP YOUR KIDNEYS to Flush Out Acid Poisons

Recognise backache as a signal that there is something wrong with your kidneys.

Your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters. Every three minutes all the blood in your body passes through these tubes to be filtered of waste matter and acid poisons. Unless your kidneys remove about 500 grains of dangerous impurities, these tubes become clogged, causing backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, rheumatic pains, and dizziness. Remember, keep your kidneys well, and they will keep you well.

Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. Use them faithfully, and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. Millions of users the world over have had quick, satisfying relief. Do as your neighbour does — take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today.

Try these prize dishes on the menu



MOCK WHITEBAIT . . . cut into small pieces raw whiting or bream, dip in seasoned flour or light batter, and deep fry, shaking in the pan as you cook. Serve with lemon garnish. Delicious!

PAIR the caramel junket with the garden pie, the bird's-nest pudding with the sweet potato casserole.

These are our readers' prize-winning recipes for this week.

Cash prizes are awarded regularly. Why not enter your kitchen triumph?

GARDEN PIE

For Filling: One carrot, 1 turnip, 1 potato, 1 large slice pumpkin, about 12 shallots, 1 large cabbage leaf, ½ cup shelled peas, ½ cup diced boiled bacon (optional), 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper, dash Worcestershire sauce (optional).

For Pastry: Half-cup melted dripping, ½ cup boiling water, 1½ cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, and ½ teaspoon soda (or use self-raising flour), dash pepper, pinch dried herbs.

Grate carrot, turnip, potato, and pumpkin, and add chopped shallots, shredded cabbage, peas, bacon, beaten eggs, and seasoning. Add the boiling water to the melted dripping in a warmed basin. Sift in flour, salt, soda, tartar, and seasoning. Mix quickly to soft dough, toss lightly on floured board, roll and line sandwich-tin with half pastry. Fill with vegetable mixture, cover with paste, and bake in moderate oven for 1 hour.

Serve with a minced-meat sauce or a white sauce. For four.

First Prize of £1 to Miss B. McVeigh, Cheepie, via Charleville, G.W. Line, Qld.

CARAMEL JUNKET

One and a half pints of milk made into firm junket, ½ cup white sugar, 3 bananas.

Make the junket, set, and cool thoroughly. Just before serving, slice bananas over the top. Put the sugar in dry aluminium saucepan and melt over heat until golden brown, and then quickly pour over the bananas. It will set into a crisp caramel.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Ludowici, Lawn Hill, Warrangi St., Turramurra, N.S.W.

BIRD'S-NEST PUDDING

Six small apples, 4oz. sugar, 1oz. butter or good beef dripping, 4oz. flour, 1 egg, ½ pint milk, lemon juice, small lemon rind.

Peel and core apples, and stand in greased dish. Fill centres with sugar, and butter, and rind. Make batter of flour, egg, and milk, and beat well until smooth and light. Pour round apples. Bake in fairly hot oven for 20 to 30 minutes. Cut into squares, an apple in each, sprinkle with sugar, and serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Breedon, Vale Ave., Dee Why, N.S.W.

CASSEROLE OF SAUSAGES AND SWEET POTATOES

One pound sausages, 3 onions, 3 sweet potatoes, 1 apple, 1 carrot, 2 tomatoes, pepper, salt, stock or water, dripping.

Brown sausages in dripping in pan. Slice onions and also brown. Place layer of sliced sausages in casserole, then layer of onion and sliced sweet potatoes. Season each layer and continue until meat, potatoes, and onions are used.

Grate carrot and apple, mix, and place on top and cover with sliced tomatoes. Add a little stock, cover and cook in moderate oven for 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. E. Dixon, c/o People's Palace, Pitt St., Sydney.



WHY NOT BRING springtime into your kitchen? Make the hours bright with flowers and music as does Olive Lester, of the Bob Dyer show; be gay while you work.

JUNIPAH JINGLES No. 3

Your step will be lighter! Your eyes will be brighter! When JUNIPAH'S taken each day— and slow systems faults are cleansed with these salts. The gentle and natural way

For INNER CLEANLINESS AND OUTER FRESHNESS you can depend on the natural, gentle action of JUNIPAH MINERAL SPRING SALTS.

...The secret?—JUNIPAH'S famous spa salts, plus the oil of juniper berries.

1/6 and 2/6

JUNIPAH
MINERAL SPRING SALTS

FAMILY PARTY ... with a flourish

Continued from page 27.

STEAK and oyster pudding . . . line basin with suet crust, fill with steak cubes, seasoned and floured, add oysters and oyster liquor, top with crust, cover, and steam for 2½ hours . . . adding luxury to luxury if mushrooms served as a vegetable.

Gingerbread Squares, topped with melted marshmallows, glazed with melted chocolate . . . the old recipe takes easily to glamor garnishings . . . hot or cold.

Ice-Cream Pavlova Meringue . . . whip 4 egg-whites with 8 tablespoons of sugar, add dessertspoon of cornflour and tablespoon vinegar. Bake in paper-lined sponge-sandwich tin for 1 hour in very slow oven . . . fill with ice-cream, sliced bananas, and passionfruit.

FOR SUPPER PARTY

Fish mayonnaise with iced cucumber and minted new potatoes . . . whip flaked, cooked fish into salad dressing, pile on ring of watercress or coleslaw . . . very cold on individual salad plates.

Hot fried rolled sandwiches . . . spread thin slices of bread with creamy filling, roll, skewer, and deep-fry . . . try hard-boiled egg and chutney in dressing, or oysters in thick creamy sauce, or minted creamed lamb.

Welsh rabbit fingers . . . add a dash of tomato puree and a hint of basil to the melted cheese . . . serve freshly made.

Macaroni served piping hot in a creamy white sauce with oysters or mussels . . . dust with powdered parsley and garnish with lemon wedges . . . rolled brown bread sandwiches are indicated.

Cup cakes scooped and filled with sugared sliced strawberries . . . the centres are fine tossed with berries and topped with chilled soft custard.

Cucumber boats filled with cargo of chilled prawn salad . . . serve on cress . . . super with little hot cheese scones.

Individual shortcakes . . . Make mixture before party, bake while the coffee is percolating, split and serve straight from oven with icy sliced fruits . . . try with strawberries and honey.



"One cake cleans an amazing number of windows!"

One inexpensive cake of Bon Ami lasts months and months. Yet even if Bon Ami cost a lot, you'd *still* like it for windows. It's so quick and easy to use . . . leaves the glass so bright and sparkling. Actually, Bon Ami saves money two ways. It costs very little . . . and you use very little to get windows really clean!

Bon Ami
leaves no oily film



BISTO makes all meat dishes more tasty

BISTO GRAVY WILL BE SERVED AGAIN WHEN PEACE COMES.



Step lively.. Step lovely

Subtly fashioned for women who walk a lot, live a lot, play a lot... Paragon shoes are a big step forward in shoe smartness. Comfort weds style in Paragon shoes, and—though we say it ourselves—they give you ages of wear. Available in fractional fittings AAAA-EE on American lasts.

Paragon
THE SHOE BEAUTIFUL

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725773

Murder in Tow

Continued from page 8

IF only his chief back in Michigan could hear him now breaking rule number one. Don't get personal with the suspects. But this wasn't Michigan.

"What's more, Bundy, I've had quite a few years' experience in this business. I'll stake my reputation that you didn't do it. I'll see you out of this."

Bill was almost as amazed as she was to hear these words come vehemently from his own lips. Bundy searched his face timorously. The hunted horror left her eyes.

Bill found he was gazing down into golden, light-filled depths. Trustfulness and hope were beginning to shine there. For one terrific moment he felt caught in a fast current.

Then he broke away. Breathless. Scared. In another moment he'd have moved closer. Other things would have happened. Good heavens, he thought, I'm only trying to help the kid. I don't want to be a casualty. She doesn't mean a thing, the poor adorable little dummy. He thought of Steve and reddened.

He said briskly, "All right, Bundy. I'll talk to Helm and see if I can find out what's on his mind."

"Oh, would you? I'd appreciate it awfully much. I don't want to be unjust to him. Maybe you would look over the list of stocks he was showing me. Maybe I should buy them. If you think I should, tell him to go ahead."

Bill said exasperatedly, "Look, Bundy. You don't know me. Not the way you do Steve. You mustn't go round taking strangers' advice."

"Strangers!" she gasped. "Is that how you feel?"

Bill kicked himself. "Of course not. But Steve——"

"Steve has nothing to do with this." Her voice was a little soggy. "Please don't be like that. I have to have someone to advise. Who else can I bother but you?"

Who, indeed! He swore silently as he watched her pull her face back into control again.

"You don't bother me," he lied. "But you'll have to be perfectly frank. For instance, I want to know what you and your grandfather quarrelled about that night on the pier."

She measured him with lovely grave eyes.

"Money. He could have let me draw on the trust fund my father had left me if he'd wanted to. But he wouldn't. He said I was too young and impulsive. Ridiculous. I'm nineteen."

"Why didn't you tell me this the first time I asked you?"

"Because Steve was there. I didn't want him to know I'd been trying to get hold of my money. He acts so obstinately about me being the one who has a little, you know."

"I see. And that's why you looked at him when you wouldn't answer?"

"Did I?" She gave him a smile that was the equivalent of dawn. "I'm sorry. I wouldn't have minded telling you. I could tell the minute I met you that you'd understand."

Bill pulled his eyes away. Don't do that, you little nut, he implored silently.

He said, "Did you get the idea of talking to your grandfather that night from something Steve had said earlier in the evening?"

"Of course! I was sure you'd guess that. You see, poor Steve was so discouraged about his business. I hoped if I could get my money I could make him borrow it. A girl doesn't want a man being noble about her all the time."

Bill wondered what that meant. There was a faintly mischievous glint in her eyes. Time to go home. He turned the car rather abruptly. "I'll see what Helm has to say for himself."

Helm was in his office, glumly working at a littered desk. He seemed pleased to be interrupted by Bill. It didn't take much finesse to work the conversation round to Bundy.

Helm groaned. "Twelve thousand lying round where that impulsive girl can get her hands on it. It's like giving a kid a loaded tommy-gun to play with."

"But she can't get at it yet, can she? Has the will been probated? Won't it take time?"

Helm gave him a grim look. "Months, if I have anything to do with it. It will take enough time to let her see the wisdom of salting down that money."

"Steve wants her to put it into government bonds," Bill remarked experimentally. "But this list of yours is good. All the old reliables."

"Steve!" Helm exploded. "There's a crazy idea if she ever had one. She's going to marry that fellow in spite of everything if we can't stop her."

"Why shouldn't she?"

Helm got up. He began to pace the floor. "I don't like him. He's not the man for her."

"Too old?"

Helm had stopped in front of a small mirror. He was absent-mindedly smoothing a lock of his sparse hair. At Bill's words he spun round. "Huh? What did you say?"

"Nothing. What's your objection to him?"

But Bill didn't listen to the long vituperative answer. He was too preoccupied with the staggering blow he had just received. So Helm was in the running too. Helm! Why, that old codfish must be about fifty. And Bundy was a child. An infant. Bill had supposed Helm's expressed interest in her had been merely benevolent. He saw now how wrong he was.

.

It was nearly one when Bill got back to his aunt's house. Steve had been waiting for him half an hour. He was stretched out in a deck chair on the lawn.

Steve said, "Took you long enough to buy those cigarettes, French."

Bill smiled, said nothing.

Steve took an envelope from his pocket. It was covered with notations.

"I've got some dope here on those bank accounts you asked me to look into, French. Don't ask how I got it, but you can rely on its being true. I'm sorry to say I couldn't find any trace of the twenty-two thousand Peckham is supposed to have paid out month by month. At least, nobody was fool enough to run and deposit it in any bank I've found."

"That applies to whom?"

"To Sinclair, Tollman, Corinne Peckham, Bundy, Mrs. Paige, Mrs. Gillam, and even old Helm. And I can assure you I haven't got it."

Bill smiled. "You didn't miss any bets, did you?"

"Oh, I thought I might as well cover the whole field." Steve grinned candidly. "Particularly Helm. I hate that old buzzard."

"Any special reason?"

"Yes. Way he looks at Bundy. A guy his age." Steve wrinkled his nose. "Of course, French, the money could be in anybody's safe-deposit box or over in Tampa in some bank under an assumed name. Or buried somewhere."

"Or in Albert Sinclair's possession."

"You can say that again."

THERE was a moment's silence, with both men absorbed in thought. Bill said: "Did you mention it to the police?"

"Our Sunday-evening adventure? No. Trouble is, I haven't figured how to explain why we were there horning in on their stuff. I thought it would look rather odd if I said we just 'happened' to come to his place at that time. And I don't want to involve Bundy any further."

Bill said, "I still think we should draw official attention to Sinclair, Steve. He's likely to blow. Ought to be watched."

"Guess you're right. I'll try to figure out something. Well, I must be shoving along. Be sure to call me, French, if I can be useful."

Bill watched Steve limp across the lawn to his car and drive away.

"William!" called his aunt from a window. "Lunch is ready."

Bill heaved out of his comfortable chair. He went into the house through the kitchen. A slender young colored woman, immaculate and dainty, was frying French toast. She was a complete anthropological step above her gargantuan parent. The cynical, self-possessed smile with which she greeted Bill was enlightening.

"You're Pansy?"

"Yes suh."

"Have you heard what happened here?"

She nodded, and gave her attention to the stove.

"I think your mother is not being completely frank about that episode, Pansy. Don't you think you could persuade her to talk?"

"I don't know, but I know who could." She sighed. "A fo-tune-tellah. My mothuh's nuts about 'em."

"You know her better than I do. Do you think she's concealing something?"

"I wouldn't be surprised. I been wondering where she's been getting the money she's been blowing lately. She bought herself a complete new outfit of those gosh-awful clothes she wears. Lots mo' than her wages here would covah."

"See what you can find out, will you?" He jingled the silver in his pocket.

Pansy gave him another sardonic smile. "You won't need to pay fo' any info'mation I can give you, Lieutenant French. I'll see what I can do first chance I get."

Watching her transfer the toast to a small, warmed platter, Bill felt his tension ease. He would have no more hesitation in eating food from her fastidious hands than from his own.

"William, hurry. Everything's getting cold," Mrs. Paige called as she heard him in the front hall.

BILL had hardly taken his place at the table when Mrs. Paige said: "We've another little item for you, my dear."

"I suppose it concerns poor Mrs. Peckham again?" Bill served himself with French toast.

"How did you know?"

"I wonder. What has she done now?"

"William, I have a safe-deposit box in the same bank as the Peckhams'. Theirs is—was—in both their names. Each had a key to it. Remember how Tom Peckham was missing for a week before they found him? He wasn't officially dead, you know. William, Mrs. Peckham visited that box during that week and took almost everything out of it."

"How do you know?"

"The box was heavy when it was given into her hands and light when she returned it to the vault attendant. And, my dear, Mrs. Peckham had one of those immense leather handbags women carry nowadays."

"I needn't ask the method you used to extract this gossip from the attendant, I suppose."

"It isn't gossip. She's a very nice—I mean I'm not supposed to tell. But, anyway, it's the truth."

Please turn to page 31

New *Under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar

At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Passett & Johnson Ltd. (Sydney).

You can't replace it



so protect it!

Add years to the life of your typewriter, tools, and appliances by oiling them regularly with 3-in-One Oil. It lubricates, cleans, prevents rust. Keeps sewing machines, lawn mowers, etc., sweet-running.



3-IN-ONE OIL



I learnt it in Paris

"Ever since I left finishing school in Paris I've made a habit of using Roger & Gallet powder. Everyone uses Roger & Gallet there." The Roger & Gallet range available for the duration includes: Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne. Blue Carnation Eau de Cologne. Blue Carnation Face Powder. 10-10 Face Powder. Domino Lipstick. 10-10 Dry Rouge. Le Jade Face Powder. Fleurs d'Amour Face Powder. 10-10 Talcum. Carnation Savral & Violette Soap. Lavender Water, etc.

Roger & Gallet FACE Powder

The Powder with the Paris touch!

ROGER & GALLET'S CAPTIVATING COMEDY "THE TORDS" EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT AT 8.30



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725774

HA! HA! HERE'S A FUNNY ONE!



From head to toe it stops 'B.O.'

W.126.1 A LEVER PRODUCT



CLOTHES SCRUBBING HAD MEG BEATEN TO A FRAZZLE until-













Z.128.1 A LEVER PRODUCT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725775

Murder in Tow

Continued from page 29

BILL passed his cup for more tea. "You're going to try to bribe the wrong person some day, Aunt Olive, and land in gaol."

"I don't call it bribery."

"No. People don't. So Mrs. Peckham helped herself, did she?"

"Yes. My dear, if she dared do that, doesn't it indicate that she was pretty sure he wouldn't be coming back to ask why the box was empty?"

Mrs. Gillam declared, "It proves she knew he was dead."

Bill admitted it looked suspicious. The two women discussed the subject during lunch, working out some fantastic motives to which Bill paid scant attention. He had a little project of his own he was considering for the afternoon.

He left soon after lunch. He had obtained Helm's home address from the telephone book. Helm had a room in a small, ancient hotel of whitewashed battens.

The hall that bisected each floor was dark and dirty. The locks were useless. A slatternly maid mopped the second-floor hall and exchanged badinage with a customer who was shaving in the lone bathroom the floor afforded.

Bill's opinion of Helm dropped lower. What was he doing in this place? Was his business so poor or so queer? Or had he begun living here in its reputable, if any, days, and continued from habit?

Bill saw no simple way of finding out about Helm's movements or his financial condition without arousing his suspicion. He put Helm aside temporarily to await developments.

Mrs. Paige had asked him to buy her a book of stamps. Bill walked over to the handsome post office, and as he did so he caught a flash of brilliant color. That cerise outfit of Mrs. Warner's was as good as a red rag for flagging his attention.

He saw her some distance down the adjoining alley in conversation with a huge negro. The subject was evidently hot.

Then he recognised the man. Andrew. But where was his master, Peckham's invalid friend, Tollman?

The two arguers kept such a constant sharp watch for possible eavesdroppers that Bill could not get near enough to overhear them. It was irritating.

After buying the stamps Bill began to cast round, like a beagle on a scent, hunting for Tollman. He found him parked on Fourth Avenue, watching the crowds.

Bill sauntered up. Tollman seemed pleased to see him again. "How's everything?"

Tollman sighed. "I'm feeling better to-day. Had a hard time for a while. But Andrew's a marvel at taking care of me."

"Where is he?"

"Oh, I sent him to the post office to mail something. Takes him a long time. But usually I enjoy the crowds."

Bill wondered if someone had tried to poison Tollman, too. But he didn't know how to get the information unobtrusively. Tollman did not seem to want to discuss his illness.

Bill left for home soon after.

It was dark when he drove into the garage. When he came out he heard a soft murmur of voices. The planting of high bushes round the grounds served as a hedge.

Bill noiselessly crossed the grass toward a thick clump of oleanders. He recognised Mrs. Gillam's voice behind it.

"You're sure of that?"

"Yassum."

"Let me know if there's any change. Keep in touch with me. But don't call me on the telephone."

"Yassum. Ah won'. Thank you. Ah'll let you know soon's Ah fin' out anything."

Mrs. Warner, Bill told himself. He had just time to step farther into the bushes. She waddled across the lawn, putting something into her pocketbook.

Bill waited. He didn't breathe. It was still. So still he began to hear things. Twigs breaking. Footsteps in the leaves under the bushes.

An inner voice ordered him to jump. Fast. Bill had taken a leap to the right before he knew it. Pure instinct. Something crashed through the branches, over his ducking shoulder. It landed heavily on the lawn. A rock as big as a cannonball.

Mrs. Gillam screamed. She rushed out, banged into him.

"Oh! Who is it? William, someone attacked me. Look. He threw a rock at me. There it is, on the grass. Catch him."

Bill looked her in the eye. That rock had come from her direction, and only a few feet away from him. Was it possible that a third person had thrown it?

"Aren't you going to hunt for the man?"

Bill ran to the pavement along the street. The hedge extended only at the sides of the place. He locked into the dark, well-planted grounds next door. The whole neighborhood was like this. Nothing moved. He came back to where she was standing.

"You'd better call the police, Mrs. Gillam."

"Can't you do it? I'm too nervous and wrought up to talk about it."

"But you know what happened. The police would insist on talking to you no matter how much I told them."

"I can't go through all that. Not after my illness. Let it go."

SHE started walking toward the house.

Bill said, "Maybe Mrs. Warner sneaked back."

"Mrs. Warner? Was she here?"

He was angry. "Now see here, what's the idea? I heard you talking to her in those bushes."

"Oh. That? I didn't want to talk about it. I simply thought maybe a woman might be able to get out of her what happened about those cookies. But I didn't have any luck."

Pretty poor lying, Bill told himself. He watched her whisk into the house to escape more questions. She needn't think he gave up so easily.

.

He carried the rock inside. It was too handy out there.

Tuesday dawned with heavy rain that continued through breakfast. At ten a car stopped in front of the house. Bill recognised Steve's car and met him at the door. Steve peeled off a dripping slicker, panting.

"Something queer has happened, French."

Bill's heart lunged. To Bundy? He waited.

"I feel a little guilty about it. I'm afraid it's my fault for not acting sooner. But we can't find Sinclair."

"You mean he has skipped out?"

Steve was still panting a little. "I'll start at the beginning."

"Just a minute," Bill whispered.

Mrs. Gillam came out of the living-room. Sewing dangled from her hands. "Oh, I wondered if anyone had answered the door." She looked at the two young men. "Any news?"

"I just wanted to see French." Steve was curt.

"Oh, I see." She smiled dryly. "I'll go into my room."

"She hates me," Steve muttered, looking after her. "Who cares? But it's odd. I never did anything to her."

They went into the empty living-room and sat down in the farthest corner. Steve lighted a cigarette, leaned back.

"It was like this. I told the police Corinne had a boy friend in town, Sinclair. I didn't mention how I found out. They didn't seem to think it was queer I should know. I've been kicking myself ever since that I didn't tell them sooner.

"I suggested to the police that Sinclair might have blackmailed Peckham and got that money from him. They knew about that thousand-a-month drainage from Peckham's account. They didn't think they could search his place for it, but they could ask him some inconvenient questions. So they went out. I went along. Sinclair didn't know me. He could think I was another detective."

"When was this?"

"Early this morning. We figured we'd get Sinclair before he went anywhere. But we were too late. He wasn't there. We looked through the windows of the back door. We could see into the kitchen and the living-room beyond. You never saw such a mess."

"You mean there were signs of a fight?"

"I don't know. More of a mess than anything else. The police decided they'd better see if he was all right."

"His car?"

"It was there."

"Go on."

"One of the boys had some keys. The simplest skeleton key opened the back door. We all went in. They looked first for a body. Nothing doing. Then they tried to analyze the mess. We all came to the same conclusion. Somebody had been searching that place for a rather small article or package. Small because of the places that were torn open. Backs of pictures. Chair seats. Such-like."

"Certainly sounds like cash or securities," Bill agreed soberly. "Wait."

In another second Mrs. Gillam came into the room.

"I'm so sorry to interrupt, William, but I dropped my spool of white thread when I went out. Would you look for it? I was sitting in that chair."

Bill found it, handed it to her, and accepted her thanks gravely. She gave Steve a thoughtful survey while she waited. They heard her door close with a little click.

To be continued



I was crippled with Backache and Rheumatism, but since I've been taking Ford Pills regularly I am marvellously better. I am very grateful—I feel so wonderfully well.

Ford Pills are marvellous for Rheumatism, Indigestion, Constipation and Stomach troubles. They contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/6 and 1/- everywhere.

2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

FE

FORD PILLS

DIAMOND JEWELLERY
Silver, Silver Plate
Fine China and Glass
PURCHASED
at Highest Cash Prices
HARDY BROS. LTD.
80 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY
230 Collins St., MELBOURNE
119 Queen Street, BRISBANE



The New 'Ovaltine' Factory in Tasmania.

'OVALTINE'

AVAILABLE TO THE PUBLIC IN LIMITED QUANTITIES

Since its completion, the new 'Ovaltine' Factory in Tasmania has been working full-time on a vital assignment—food for the fighting forces. Now it is possible to release some 'Ovaltine' to the public. This delicious beverage is made from *eggs, milk* and *malt* — it's a concentrated food-tonic.

2/10 at Chemists and Stores.

YOU CAN SPEED THE VICTORY BY BUYING WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND CERTIFICATES

A. Wander Ltd., Quolba, Devonport, Tasmania.

O2-15-44

Clear Nose and Sleep Well To-night

If your nose feels dried out, clogged or irritated, so that you find it hard to sleep—put a few drops of Evagreen Eucalyptus in each nostril and across the bridge of the nose at bedtime.

Evagreen spreads a comforting film that helps relieve congestion, lets you breathe more freely, and helps you get a good night's sleep.

Enjoy the comfort and relief Evagreen brings you—to-night!

Evagreen Eucalyptus

—9d. and 1/3 bottle. At all chemists and stores.



. . BRUSH WITH PYREX for 3 MINUTES TWICE DAILY!

Dental authorities say that to keep your teeth pearly white and healthy it is necessary to brush them vigorously for three minutes twice a day. If you add Pyrex Tooth Powder to your brushing drill you can defeat the spectre of dental decay. Its soothing, antiseptic ingredients—Hydrogen Peroxide and Milk of Magnesia—are released as soon as Pyrex comes into contact with mouth fluids. Pyrex is an enemy of film and tartar, too.

Pyrex

ANTISEPTIC PEROXIDE TOOTH POWDER

PRICE 1/8



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

PT 25-16

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725776

No Medals for Mother



Her cares are many,
her tasks beyond number.
Every hour, every minute
She is on duty—
She sees the children
off to school.
She makes the meals,
She makes the beds—
and the 'planes!
Sees to the laundry
and the lathe.
Fills the shells—
and the shopping basket,
a tiring business
these days.
Cuts sandwiches
for her man
going on night duty—
and wakes at once
if her child
cries in the night.
Tired yet tireless,
She holds the fort
of the family;
the citadel
of the hearth.
She has no medals,
only the pride
of working and striving
beside her menfolk
in a great enterprise—
to save the homes
and the children
of all the world.

★ ★ ★ ★

The women of Australia are making great contributions to the war effort—not least of these is what they are doing for Savings.

Save for Victory

Inserted by William Arnott Pty., Limited, Homebush, with acknowledgments to "The Times," London

Anzac House is for all servicemen and women — Help Build It

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725777